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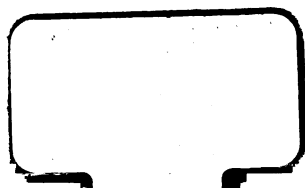
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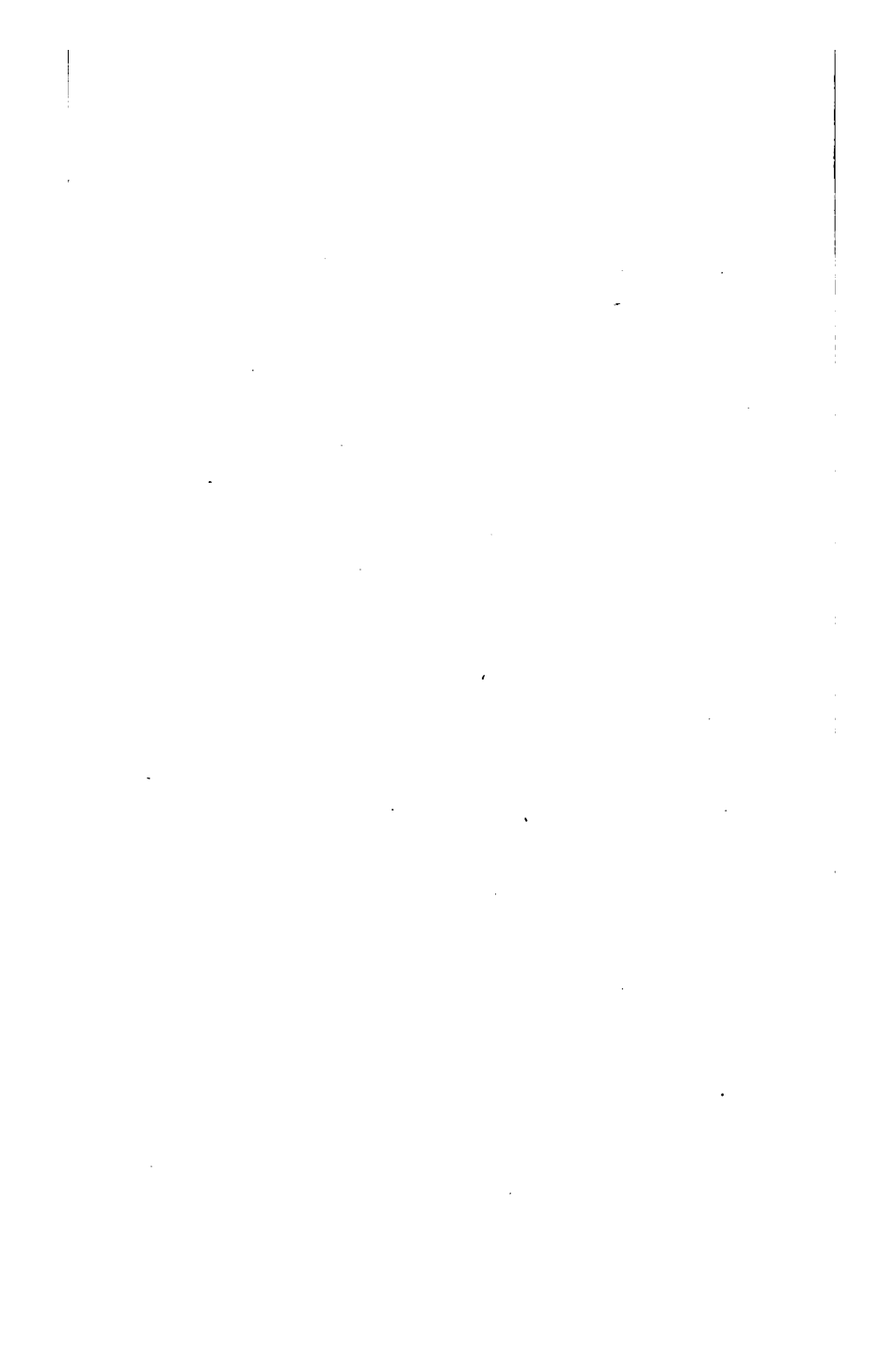
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THE RUBY:

A

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FOR 1850.

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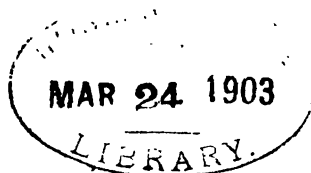
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FROM

DESIGNS BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

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P R E F Á C E.

THE success of the Ruby last season, while it affords decisive evidence of the public approbation, furnishes the most unexceptionable apology for the Editor's presuming to present a new offering on the present occasion. Keeping always in view the ever growing demands of the public, as to the high literary and artistic character of the Annuals successively offered to popular favor, he has bestowed a great deal of care and attention on the editorial department of the work; and he believes that no single piece has been admitted which is not worthy of its place in a work which solicits, in a special manner, the kind regards of the beautiful and the pure.

Of the embellishments, it is almost superfluous to speak. The fame of Sully, Huntingdon, Mount, Inman, Chalons, Collins, and Parris, needs none of our heralding; their works speak for themselves.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

SUBJECTS.	PAINTERS.	ENGRAVERS.
MY LUCY (Frontispiece),	SULLY.	J. CHENEY.
VIGNETTE (Title),	SULLY.	J. CHENEY.
BEATRICE,	T. SULLY.	J. CHENEY.
GENEVIEVE,	CHALONS.	J. CHENEY.
DONNA ISABELLA,	D. HUNTINGDON.	J. CHENEY.
THE PAINTER,	W. S. MOUNT.	A. LAWSON.
THE INDIAN'S BRIDE,	T. SULLY.	J. CHENEY.
THE HARD BARGAIN,	W. S. MOUNT.	J. CHENEY.
A RURAL PROSPECT,	W. COLLINS.	J. T. PRASE.
THE NEWSBOY,	H. INMAN.	R. W. DODGSON.
THE GOLDFINCH,	E. T. PARRIS.	I. B. FORREST.



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THE RUBY:

A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

MY LUCY.

BY J. F.

SHE recks not of fortune, though high her degree;
She says she's contented with true love and me;
And the truth of her heart my fond rapture describes
In the bloom of her blushes and light of her eyes.

How fearful is love to the faithful and young!
How trembles the heart, and how falters the tongue;
While the soft rising sigh, and the sweet springing tear,
Check the half-spoken vow and the glance too sincere!

Her hand to my lips when at parting I press,
And she bids me adieu with a timid caress;
She glides off like a sunbeam pursued by a cloud,
And I kiss every flower her dear footsteps have bowed.

As the fawn steals for play from the still-feeding flock,
As darts the young hawk from his hold in the rock,
So peeps forth my Lucy when none are aware,
So flies her fond lover her ramble to share.


We linger at noon by the rocks and the coves,
Where the slow-winding stream sleeps in nooks which he
loves—

When the freshness of spring has been mellowed by June,
And the parent-bird warbles a tenderer tune.

We scarce talk of love—she is scared at the sound;
But it breathes from the skies, and it bursts from the
ground:

Of whatever we talk, it is love that we mean—
On whatever we look, it is love that is seen.

•



THE DOCTOR'S TWO PATIENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

THE doctor had made a long round; he was tired to death; and the worst of the matter was, that all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary, fantastical complaints of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive, substantial maladies of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that flesh is heir to, and as our young doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or forget them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that, as all his patients were poor, the doctor himself was not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam;—we mean, that the doctor, not being able to afford a carriage,

or a cab, or a stanhope, or a tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now, on the morning in question, the doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn; and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, sir, that want you directly," said the doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the young doctor, as he looked at his own arm-chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, sir—they seemed urgent."

"But if people only scratch a finger, or happen to sneeze, the doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter?"

"The lady has a fever, sir; and the man—"

"The *lady* and the *man*—oh; then the lady *is* a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand; they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man till to-morrow, sir?"

"Could I?—and suppose he should die to-night."

Now, though our doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which

we have already spoken as forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comfort of his easy-chair; so breaking off a corner of a crust, and giving one last longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth into the rain and the mud.

The doctor made his nearest patient his first: it happened to be the lady.

The evening was darkening, and the gas growing brighter, when our doctor lifted the knocker of a sort of shabby genteel house in one of those ambiguous streets of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being in fact the worst of the best, or the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they can give a positive opinion, because they know that the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility; and our hero saw, at a glance, that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered looked suf-

ficiently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire-place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago, for any symptoms which appeared to the contrary. Our doctor felt the gloom of the place; but, when he was shown into the adjoining room, the scene was still more desolate. A faint, untrimmed lamp, burning low in its socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment, just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever, and raving with delirium, lying on a bed; and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort; and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as if they had been syllabled by an angel.

"You are not alone?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friend to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered, "We have no friends; at least none in this great town—if anywhere."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No; mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house—"

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The doctor *felt* rather than saw that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to endure much more fatigue," and the doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her blood-shot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can endure anything; you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and, in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you should be left unsupported."

"You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl; and, in a paroxysm of frantic grief, she threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfuls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the doctor, "that I do not know it, that I do not even think it; but certainly something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air, notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can do."

"And I shall do the same," replied the doctor.

Our doctor went from that shabby genteel house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in his senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was now quite dark, and the streets were like the black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which our doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon, and the other to the mud, and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farthest extremity of the court, and up three pairs of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! that these bodies of ours should be the avenues of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporeal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony!

Very dreary and desolate was that miserable chamber—the fitting scene for human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table, a chair with broken spindles and a worn-out rush bottom, and a truckle bed, were all its garniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our doctor drew the rickety chair close to him, and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering, shaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead, and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust and fear and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, starting fiercely as the doctor took his station by his bedside; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the doctor, in soothing tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good!"

"You must not be so sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes; I am sure! I suppose you are a doctor. I want no doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasted if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Bloodsuckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—a doctor may be so too in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick, good-naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, sir!" exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say were quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Mr. Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bills? No, no; go away, go away. You would never get paid; you see that you never would get paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you, or known of your existence—nothing; but, having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can do for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, "without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility. I think I can

do you some good—it is *my* duty to try—it is *yours* to let me.”

“Try, then,” grumbled the sick man.

* * * * *

The doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy-chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr. Kendrick had managed, in that time, to surround his poor patient with a few comforts; had sent him a blanket, procured him the cheering advantage of a fire, had given him medicine, and, what was equally necessary, nutritious food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine, himself smoothed the sick pillow, and seen all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for than in that sick chamber. The girl, totally unused to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bedside of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralyzed with terror. They were evidently strangers, unknowing and unknown. There was not a relative or friend to share her toil, or cheer or sustain her under it. Our doctor, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse

and comforter; and, by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unspeakable anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas! the heavy weight of moments, that seemed hours—of hours, that seemed days—of days, that seemed years. Poor Esther's blood-shot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage, still sustained her. By a gentle, but a firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take an hour's rest upon the sofa, in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station by the bedside. In his calm, kind, and authoritative voice he had ordered her to take needful food, and she had obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved; when she despaired, he consoled. Oh! profession, too noble for man—office rather of an angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the loved one to the loving; shame that thy offices should ever be filled with a sordid priesthood!

We have said that three days of the bitterest anxiety had passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs. Heathcote lay weak and motionless, but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, though they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, by seeming to give her back the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her maladies; and our doctor found, what he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as "safe as the Bank of England."

The doctor's other patient lay with his head half raised from his pillow, supported by his hand, striving to catch the first echo of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Another half hour gone, and not here yet!" said the poor patient, his glistening eyes fastened on the door,—"another half hour. Has he forgotten me, or has something happened?"

The clock of a neighboring church struck the hour. "One—two—three, and not here yet! Hark! that is the street door! No, psha! what a fool I am to expect him thus—and yet his is the only kind voice that has sounded in my ears these last twenty years. Who was ever kind to me since the day my mother wept over me, and kissed me, and—died? Who ever saw anything in me, since the day that her love left me, but a miserable, ungainly, miserly clod?" and the old man wiped from his glistening eyes a tear. While he was yet speaking, our doctor entered his lonely chamber, with so light a

step, that the patient was not at first aware of his presence.

"Well, old friend," said the doctor, cheerily, "how are we to-day?—nay, what is this?" as the old man's eyes, suffused with their unwonted moisture, met his own. "What is this? what has gone wrong? what has happened?"

"It was a tear," replied the old man, "a tear to the memory of my mother. She alone, of all the millions of beings in this wide world, ever loved me, and a sudden remembrance (I often think of her in the unquiet night) brought the tear into my eye."

"A mother's love is an unfathomable well," replied the doctor, with a sigh, "but I never knew it."

"Then you have never known the dearest love on earth," replied the sick man, fixing his eyes commiseratingly upon him.

The doctor shook off his sentiment, and with a slight laugh, said, "Oh, the *dearest* say you—are you sure of that?"

The patient fixed his eyes searchingly upon him. "So, then, you are thinking of marrying. That will quite ruin you—quite spoil you."

"No, no," replied the doctor, with another slight laugh, but this time it was a constrained one. "No, no; I must make my fortune first. I am too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor! you are not poor!" reiterated the sick man.

"And not very likely ever to be rich," replied the doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; "you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped in," responded the doctor, as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to his patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man; "there, now, you have thrown the cork into the fire—that is sheer waste; and pray, while I think of it, do you want the bottles back again?"

"No; let them go with the paper and the corks."

"No, no, I shall sell them; depend upon it, nothing is wasted here; and, by the way, will you buy them? You doctors give rather better prices than the marines."

"I must refer you to my assistant; I never interfere with that part of the business myself."

"Then I don't wonder that you are not over rich; and pray, why do you waste your time upon me?"

"I repeat, that I do not call it wasted time, if I can do you any good."

"But I warned you in the beginning that you would

never get paid; and in fact I never sent for you; I am not responsible. It was the people of the house."

"No matter who it was; I am here."

"But you can go, and you need not come back again," replied the old man, querulously; "you are not the parish doctor, I believe; and, if you are, you can send your apprentice."

"Come, come," said the doctor, kindly, "you have got some fresh crotchet in your brain: pray, drive it out again."

"If you had rich patients, instead of poor ones," resumed the old man, "you would soon be rich yourself, and let the poor die. What are they better worth? They do nothing but encumber the earth; they pester the happy with their complaints; they will murmur and murmur; they will not starve in quietness, but the voice of their misery is heard mingling with the revelry of the rich. There, go, leave me; let me die—alone, like a dog. Let me turn my face to the wall, and die."

And so saying, the old man turned himself angrily away from his visitor.

"You can have the blanket back again," he continued; "it is not much the worse; but you'll have the washing to pay for—that's your own fault! Why did you send it? and the broth, and the jelly?—I didn't ask for them; that must be your own loss, too, and it will teach you better another time."

The old man paused, expecting a reply; but the doctor remained quite silent, so the patient turned himself over once more, and found that Mr. Kendrick had seated himself very quietly in his old rickety chair.

"What! not gone yet?" exclaimed the old man, petulantly; "I thought I told you to go."

"Yes, but then I should have had the trouble of coming back again; so I thought I had better wait until you were reasonable, hoping that it would be soon, and that I should save time."

"Reasonable!" repeated the old man. "Is it unreasonable to want nothing?"

"But you want strength and help, or at least I want them for you."

"And I shall die!" exclaimed the old man. "I feel that I am sinking into my grave."

"You feel exhausted, because you have been long deprived of proper nourishment."

"And where was I to get it? Where was I to get it?"

"The past is gone from us all," replied the doctor; "let us make the best of the present. Be calm and peaceful, and take such things as I send you."

Another rush of painful feelings came over the old man's face;—a sort of convulsive working of the features like the breaking up of a stony nature; and the doctor left his poor patient with fresh tears gathered in his sad, wild, sunken eyes.

* * * * *

But sorrow is not confined to the lowest abodes of poverty; wherever man fixes his dwelling, there the shadow falls.

So the doctor found the footsteps of this foe to our race (ungrateful that we are! is it not a friend, though a friend in disguise?) in the dwelling of his other patient. He found Mrs. Heathcote propped up in bed with pillows, the coverlet strewn over with parchments and ominous-looking papers, diffusing the effluvia of a lawyer's office, and the sick woman feverish again with anxiety and excitement, and poor Esther, pale and tearful, sitting at her pillow.

"This is treason," said our doctor; "actual treason! You ought not to bestow even a thought on business."

The poor, thin woman drew up her wasted neck with an air of great dignity, and said, "It is the advantage of people in mediocrity to be exempt from engrossing cares. They mind their daily business; those of elevated station are absorbed in higher cares."

"Then mediocrity has the best chance of health," said the doctor.

"Sir, we have a lawsuit pending," said the lady, with increased dignity. "It will now be speedily decided, and I shall soon recover health and strength."

"Or lose them," thought the doctor.

"I shall then go down to my country seat—one of my

country seats—on which, I have not yet decided; but I shall of course consult you, as you fill the station of my medical adviser. After this suit is settled, I shall have my choice of two princely dwellings.”

“Or none at all,” thought the doctor.

“And I shall be most happy to recommend you,” continued the lady—“most happy, indeed, though I could wish that you resided in a rather more aristocratic neighborhood.”

“I thought,” said our doctor, turning rather reproachfully to Esther, “I thought that I had enjoined a careful suppression of everything that could excite or agitate.”

“My dear doctor,” said the invalid lady, “I know that you deserve our perfect candor. Do not chide Miss Heathcote. These papers and letters have been accumulating during my illness, and they required immediate attention. Our long delayed suit will be decided this day fortnight, but there were preliminaries—”

“Come,” said the doctor, assuming a cheerfulness of tone and manner which he did not quite feel: “my profession makes me very tyrannical. I have an antipathy to my brethren of the law; and I must both justify my own authority and satisfy my spleen against them, by thus sweeping away all their musty figments; and I am bound to maintain, that all the skins and parchments that ever were engrossed, are worthless, compared with a single drop of my elixirs.”

And so saying, the doctor swept away the whole mass of papers, with an air between playfulness and authority; and Esther, gathering them up, said, with something between a smile and a sigh, "Your kindness is the true elixir."

"Esther speaks truly," said the mother. "You have been very kind to us, and we trust that we shall repay you as we ought. Kindness and attention shown to one of our house were never wont to go unrewarded."

"Mamma means," said the girl, with a deep flush passing over her face, "that we must always repay (if that is the right word) your great kindness to us with unceasing gratitude."

"I mean more than that, girl!" said the haughty mother: "I mean that services so freely rendered shall be as freely paid, and not with a niggardly hand. We, who can trace our ancestry to kings, ought not, when we are served, to requite like churls and beggars."

Now we are bound to acknowledge that our doctor was just two or three grades below perfection; and this little trifling alloy or adulteration brought the slightest shade of wounded pride across his brow. It is almost humiliating to reflect that services, worthy of an angel's ministering, must yet be repaid with silver and gold;—but our doctor caught a deprecating glance from Esther's eyes, and the shade passed away from his own brow.

* * * * *

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the doctor to his other patient, on his next visit: "are you mad?"

He found him out of bed, dressed, with his hat and stick, apparently intending to go out.

"I have a right to do what I like," replied the man, sullenly.

"That, indeed, you have not, when you like to do what is foolish and imprudent."

"I did not send for you," retorted the wayward patient. "You have no right to dictate to me. I shall do as I please."

"Then, perhaps, you will please to take off your hat and shoes, and return to bed."

"I am going out," replied the man, doggedly.

"Going out! certainly not with my permission."

"I can go without it."

"How long have you been confined to your bed? let me see—"

"Three months; and I say that, after such a confinement, it would be a very hard case, if I could not once more see the outside of the house."

The doctor pointed to the window. Sleet and snow were drifting past in clouds, borne on a cutting wind, that seemed to sever all that it passed. "Do you see the weather?"

"Yes, and in sixty winters many times as much. If you don't like it, why don't you keep your carriage?"

said the patient, with a sneer, "you would not feel it then."

"Simply because I think it advisable first to keep myself."

"Why don't you spend an hour over your fingers every morning, and put on two or three rings set with brilliants, and wear perfumes, and fine white French cambric handkerchiefs, and have your hair in curls, and speak in a soft, condoling, insinuating voice, and so ingratiate yourself with the women? They are fools enough."

"Thank you, I prefer my hands, and my hair, and my clothes all in their present fashion."

"Then why don't you become a sloven, and go for a week without washing your hands, and turn up your sleeve-cuffs to show them, and have your hair cut once a-year, and never have your clothes brushed, and snap everybody up that speaks to you, and tell them to order their coffins: they would be sure to die of fear if you frightened them well, and that would establish your reputation; and then you might carry all before you with the men?"

"Simply because I don't choose to be a brute."

"Well, you can do as you please, and I can do the same."

"Excepting going out."

"And that is the only thing I care for doing."

"You will kill yourself."

"All the better for you."

"You will seriously disoblige me."

"I am sure you do not care a jot whether I live or die."

The doctor looked rather injured.

"I hope I have shown as much solicitude for you as for my most wealthy patient."

"You mean to reproach me with my obligations."

"Come, come," said the doctor, resuming his good-humor, "the whole of the matter is, that you cannot, and shall not go out."

"What shall hinder me?" asked the old man.

"Your own good sense."

"That says, Go."

"No, indeed, that could not be your good sense. You mistook the voice: it was only caprice that spoke," said the doctor, playfully.

"I am not to be bantered out of it."

"I spoke of a reason, not of a jest."

"And I have a reason, a great reason for going."

"And I have a reason, a great reason—nay, an enormous reason for keeping you at home."

"I won't be chained up like a dog, and jested with like a child. I'm not crying for a toy. I *will* go."

"I see," said the doctor, "that I entirely mistook the nature of your complaint. I ought to have ordered you a strait-waistcoat."

"It seems that you have provided me a keeper."

"Then you will not let me call myself your friend."

"*Friend!*" exclaimed the old man, as though his ears were startled at the unwonted sound. "*Friend!* have I a friend in the world?"

"I am trying to prove to you that you have; but you know that the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"Mutual! what do you expect from me? what have I to give you? Shall I die, and bequeath to you these rags, and this mockery of furniture?"

"I am wishing to prolong your life, not to hasten your death."

"Or, perhaps, you think I have a large freehold estate, and look for some reversionary acres, or ships full of rich merchandise, or exchequer bills, or diamonds."

"Now it is your turn to jest."

"And if none of these, what can buy you to me for a friend?"

"These things could not buy me; but you have far stronger claims upon me"

"What are they?"

"Sickness and sorrow."

"And do these, which disgust and frighten all the rest of the world, make you my friend?"

"I am trying to prove myself such; but, as I told you before, the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"You mean that I should obey you, like a slave."

"No, I mean that you should oblige me, like a friend."

"Do with me what you please!" cried the sick man; and, abandoning all his opposition and his acrimony, he submitted like a child to the wishes of our doctor, who, taking immediate advantage of his relenting humor, saw him once more with his head upon his pillow, and left him, as he believed, composed and peaceful. Scarcely, however, had he descended the dirty, crooked, battered stairs, before the old man, pertinacious in his purpose, had again raised himself from his recumbent posture, resumed his tattered garments, his unsound shoes, and his beaverless hat, and, having first carefully locked his room door, staggered after him, clinging to the bannisters, and muttering as he went.

Our doctor paid his visit the ensuing day, unsuspecting of what had happened. He had not yet grown callous in the course of his profession, and he was shocked to find his patient with the last sands of life fast falling through the glass.

"I am dying!" said the old man, "I am dying; and you are the only being in this wide world who has shown kindness to the destitute old man. You said that you were my friend, and that the offices of friendship were mutual. You have discharged them well; and I, little as you might expect it, I have done something on my part. You have thought me poor, but you were wrong. I was only miserly. I had nothing to love; neither wife, nor child, nor friend, nor kindred—and so, because we

must love something, I began to make a treasure—a god, if you will—of gold; it was because I had nothing else to love. Ay, you little thought you were paying court to the rich old miser, instead of showing charity to the poor old beggar. But—stoop lower, my breath fails me. Take this packet,” and he gave him a small parcel wrapped in the identical piece of torn paper which he had reproached him for wasting. “Take it—it is yours. I went to the Bank yesterday to make a transfer—into your name. There, take them—they are bank receipts. *I have saved you the legacy duty!*”

* * * * *

The fortnight that had stood between Mrs. Heathcote and the possession of her fortune—that is, the decision of her lawsuit, which she considered the same thing—had gone to the tomb of the Capulets. On that day our doctor was guilty of the sin of neglecting his patients: he remained at home all the day.

The evening, at last, came. Mr. Kendrick took his hat; it was covered with deep crape. Mr. Kendrick had lost his poor patient, and was the richer by more than twenty thousand pounds.

He found Mrs. Heathcote in hysterics, on the sofa; her head-dress disordered, her cheeks stained with tears, and Esther by her side trying to console her. He saw, in a moment, that the suit was lost.

Now we do not mean to impugn our doctor's kindness

of heart, but certainly the distress which he witnessed brought a flush of pleasure over his countenance; however, quickly assuming his own professional face, he sat down, and began to exercise his province of giving advice.

And what was his advice? Gentle reader, it was neither more nor less than this, namely, that Mrs. Heathcote should increase her connections (that was rather technical) by taking the doctor himself for a son-in-law; and, as her castles in the country had turned out to be castles in the air, that she should content herself with a more mundane abode, and take up her residence in his house, although he confessed it was only built of such vulgar materials as bricks and mortar.

And did the lady of a line of kings so condescend? She did; and Esther was nothing loth, nay, even rejoiced at the exchange;—and so a Wife and a Fortune were both found in “The Doctor’s Two Patients.”

THE EXILE.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

Not yet, not yet; a few brief hours
Are mine to linger, still;
To gaze upon the ivied towers
That crown my native hill;
To glance o'er each familiar tree
That shades that lovely spot;
All that must soon forsaken be,
But shall not be forgot!

What varied hours of joy or woe
My childhood here hath passed;
Ah, happy! ere I learned to know
Woe must prevail at last!
As summer clouds are quickly fled
Before the blaze of noon;
So transient were the tears I shed,
And joy returned as soon!

THE TWO KATES.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BUCCANER," &c.

"I CANNOT help observing, Mr. Seymour, that I think it exceedingly strange in you to interfere with the marriage of my daughter: marry your sons, sir, as you please—but my daughter! that is quite another matter."

And Mrs. Seymour, a stately, sedate matron, of the high-heeled and hoop school, drew herself up to her full height, which (without the heels) was five foot seven,—and, fanning herself with a huge green fan, more rapidly than she had done for many months, looked askance upon her husband, a pale, delicate man, who seemed in the last stage of a consumption.

"A little time, Mary!" (good lack! could such a person as Mrs. Seymour bear so sweet a name?) "a little time, Mary, and our sons may marry as they list, for me—but I have yet to learn why you should have more control over our Kate than I. Before I quit this painful

world, I should like the sweet child to be placed under a suitable protector."

"You may well call her child, indeed;—little more than sixteen. Forcing the troubles of the world upon her, so young. I have had my share of them, Heaven knows, although I had nearly arrived at an age of discretion before I united my destiny to yours."

"So you had, my dear; you were, I think, close upon forty!"

It is pretty certain that a woman who numbers thirty without entering "the blessed state," had better deliberate whether she is able to take up new ideas, forego "her own sweet will," and sink from an independent to a dependent being; but a woman of forty who is guilty of such an absurdity, merits the punishment she is sure to receive. And though Mr. Seymour was a kind, amiable, and affectionate man, his lady was far from a happy woman: she had enjoyed more of her own way than generally falls to the lot of her sex, and yet not near so much as she desired, or fancied she deserved. If Mr. Seymour would have held his tongue, and done exactly as she wished, it would have been all well; but this course he was not exactly prone to—he having been, at least ten years before his marriage, what is generally termed an old bachelor. Let it not be imagined that Mrs. Seymour was one of your "shall and will" ladies—no such thing; she was always talking of "female

duties," of "gentle obedience," of "amiable docility;" and, with her eyes fastened upon a piece of tent-stitch, which she had worked in her juvenile days, representing Jacob drinking from Rebecca's pitcher, she would lecture her husband by the long winter hours, and the midsummer sunshine, as to the inestimable treasure he possessed in her blessed self.

"Think, Mr. Seymour, if you had married a gad-about, *who* would have watched over *my* children?" (she never by any chance said *our* children.) "I have never been outside the doors (except to church) these four years! If you had married a termagant, how she would have flown at and abused all your little—did I say *little*? I might with truth say, your *great* peculiarities. I never interfere, never; I only notice—for your own good—that habit, for instance, of always giving Kate sugar with her strawberries, and placing the tongs to the left instead of the right of the poker—it is very sad!"

"My dear," Mr. Seymour would interrupt, "what does it signify whether the tongs be to the right or left?"

"Bless me, dear sir, you need not fly out so; I was only saying that there are some women in the world who would make *that* a bone of contention; I never do, much as it annoys *me*—much as it leads the servants into careless habits—much as it and other things grieve and worry my health and spirits—I never complain! never. Some men are strangely insensible to their domestic

blessings, and do not know how to value earth's greatest treasure—a good wife! but I am dumb; I am content to suffer, to melt away in tears—it is no matter." Then, after a pause to recruit her breath and complainings, she would rush upon another grievance with the abominable whine of an aggrieved and much injured person—a sort of mental and monotonous wailing, which, though nobody minded, annoyed everybody within her sphere. Her husband was fast sinking into his grave; her sons had gone from Eton to Cambridge; and, when they were at home, took good care to be continually out of earshot of their mother's lamentations;—the servants changed places so continually, that the door was never twice opened by the same footman;—and the only fixture at Seymour Hall, where servants and centuries, at one time, might be almost termed synonymous, was the old deaf house-keeper, who, luckily for herself, could not hear her mistress's voice. To whom, then, had Mrs. Seymour to look forward, as the future source of her comforts—(i. e.) of her tormenting?—even her daughter Kate; the bonny Kate, the merry Kate, the thing of smiles and tears, who danced under the shadow of the old trees; who sang with the birds; who learned industry from the bees, and cheerfulness from the grasshopper; whose voice told in its rich, full melody, of young Joy and his laughing train; whose step was as light on the turf as the dew, or the sunbeam; whose shadow was blessed as it passed the

window of the poor and lowly cottager, heralding the coming of her, who comforted her own soul by comforting her fellow-creatures. "How can it be possible," said everybody, "that such a lovely, cheerful, cheering creature can be the child of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour?—the father, dear man, kind and gentle, but so odd;—the mother!" and then followed a look and a shrug, that told of much disapprobation, and yet not half as much as was most generously bestowed on the melancholy-dealing Mrs. Seymour.

Kate's father well knew that his days were numbered; and he looked forward with no very pleasurable feeling to his daughter's health and happiness being sacrificed at the shrine whereon he had offered up his own. Kate, it is true, as yet had nothing suffered; she managed to hear and laugh at her mother's repinings, without being rendered gloomy thereby, or giving offence to her mournful and discontented parent. She would, in her own natural and unsophisticated manner, lead her forth into the sunshine, sing her the gayest songs, read to her the most cheerful books, and gather for her the freshest flowers;—and, sometimes, even Mrs. Seymour would smile, and be amused, though her heart quickly returned to its bitterness, and her soul to its discontent; but Mr. Seymour knew that this buoyant spirit could not endure for ever, and he sought to save the rose of its existence from the canker that had destroyed him. She was earnestly be-

loved by a brave and intelligent officer, who had already distinguished himself, and who hoped to win fresh laurels whenever his country needed his exertions. It would be difficult to define the sort of feeling with which Kate received his attentions; like all young, *very* young girls, she thought that affection ought to be kept secret from the world, and that it was a very shocking thing to fall in love;—she consequently vowed and declared to everybody, that “she had no idea of thinking of Major Cavendish;—that she was too young, much too young to marry;—that her mamma said so.” She even steeped her little tongue so deeply in love’s natural hypocrisy, as to declare, *but only once*, “that she hated Major Cavendish.” If he addressed her in company, she was sure to turn away, blush, and chatter most inveterately to her cousin, long Jack Seymour; if he asked her to sing, she had invariably a sore throat; and if he asked her to dance, she had sprained her ankle;—it was quite marvellous, the quantity of little fibs she invented, whenever Major Cavendish was in the way; and it is probable that the calm, dignified, and gentlemanly soldier would never have declared his preference for the laughter-loving and provoking Kate, but for one of those little episodes which either make or mar the happiness of life.

I must observe that Kate’s extreme want of resemblance to either her mournful mother, or her pale and gentle father, was not more extraordinary than that Major

Cavendish, as we have said—the calm and dignified Major Cavendish, at six-and-twenty—should evince so great an affection for the animated and girlish creature, whom, four years before his “declaration,” he had lectured to, and romped with, but no, *not* romped—Major Cavendish was too dignified to romp, or to flirt either—what shall I call it, then?—laughed?—yes, he certainly *did* laugh, generally after the most approved English fashion;—his lips separated with a manifest desire to unite again as soon as possible, and his teeth, white and even, appeared to great advantage during the exertion. Nobody thought that, though young and handsome, he would think of marriage, “he was so grave;” but, on the same principle, I suppose, that the harsh and terrible thunder is the companion of the gay and brilliant lightning, majestic and sober husbands often most desire to have gay and laughing wives. Now for the episode. Mrs. Seymour had fretted herself to sleep, Mr. Seymour had sunk into his afternoon nap, and Kate stole into her own particular room, to coax something like melody out of a Spanish guitar, the last gift of Major Cavendish;—the room told of a change, effected by age and circumstances, on the character of its playful mistress. A very large Dutch baby-house, that had contributed much to her amusement a little time ago, still maintained its station upon its usual pedestal, the little Dutch ladies and gentlemen all in their places, as if they had not been disturbed

for some months; on the same table were battledoors, shuttlecocks, and skipping-ropes; while the table at the other end was covered with English and Italian books, vases of fresh flowers, music, and some richly ornamented boxes, containing many implements that ladies use both for work and drawing; respectfully apart, stood a reading stand, supporting Kate's Bible and prayer-book; and it was pleasant to observe that no other books rested upon those holy volumes.

The decorated walls would not have suited the present age, and yet they were covered with embroidery, and engravings, and mirrors, and carvings—showing a taste not developed, yet existing in the beautiful girl, whose whole powers were devoted to the conquest of some music which she was practicing both with skill and patience. There she sat on a low ottoman, her profile thrown into full relief by the background, being a curtain of heavy crimson velvet, that fell in well-defined folds from a golden arrow in the centre of the architrave—while summer drapery, of white muslin, shaded the other side,—her features hardly defined, yet exhibiting the tracery of beauty—her lips, rich, full, and separated, as ever and anon they gave forth a low, melodious accompaniment to her thrilling chords. There she sat practicing like a very good girl—perfectly unconscious that Major Cavendish was standing outside the window, listening to his favorite airs played over and over again; and he would have lis-

tened much longer—but suddenly she paused, and, looking carefully round, drew from her bosom a small case, containing a little group of flowers, painted on ivory, which he had given her, and which, poor fellow! he imagined she cared not for—because, I suppose, she did not exhibit it in public! How little does mighty and magnificent man know of the workings of a young girl's heart!—Well, she looked at the flowers, and a smile, bright and beautiful, spread over her face, and a blush rose to her cheek, and suffused her brow—and then it paled away, and her eyes filled with tears. What were her heart's imaginings, Cavendish could not say; but they had called forth a blush, a smile, a tear—love's sweetest tokens—and, forgetting his concealment, he was seated by her side, just as she thrust the little case under the cushion of her ottoman! How prettily that blush returned, when Cavendish asked her to sing one of his favorite ballads—the modest, half-coquetish, half-natural air with which she said, “I cannot sing, *sir*—I am so very hoarse.”

“Indeed, Kate! you were not hoarse just now.”

“How do you know?”

“I have been outside the window for more than half an hour.”

The blush deepened into crimson—bright, glowing crimson—and her eye unconsciously rested on the spot where her treasure was concealed. He placed his hand

on the cushion, and smiled most provokingly, saying, as plainly as gesture could say, "Fair mistress Kate, I know all about it; you need not look so proud, so shy—you cannot play the impostor any longer!" but poor Kate burst into tears; she sobbed, and sobbed heavily and heartily too, when her lover removed the case, recounted the songs she had sung, and the feeling with which she had sung them; and she did try *very hard* to get up a story, about "accident," and "wanting to copy the flowers,"—with a heap more of little things that were perfectly untrue; and Cavendish knew it, for his eyes were now opened; and, after more, far more than the usual repetition of sighs and smiles, and protestations, and illustrations, little Kate *did* say, or, perhaps (for there is ever great uncertainty in these matters); Cavendish said, "that if papa, or mamma, had no objection——she believed—she thought—she even hoped!" and so the matter terminated; and that very evening she sang to her lover his favorite songs; and her father that night blessed her with so deep, so heartfelt, so tearful a blessing, that little Kate Seymour saw the moon to bed before her eyes were dry.

How heavily upon some do the shadows of life rest! Those who are born and sheltered on the sunny side of the wall know nothing of them—they live on sunshine! they wake i' the sunshine—nay, they even sleep in sunshine.

Poor Mr. Seymour, having gained his great object—married, in open defiance of his wife's judgment, his pretty Kate to her devoted Cavendish—laid his head upon his pillow one night about a month after, with the sound of his lady's complaining voice ringing its changes from bad to worse in his aching ears, and awoke before that night was passed in another world. Mrs. Seymour had never professed the least possible degree of affection for her husband; she had never seemed to do so—never affected it until then. But the truth was, she had started a fresh subject—her husband's loss, her husband's virtues, nay her husband's faults, were all new themes; and she was positively charmed, in her own way, at having a fresh cargo of misfortunes freighted for her own especial use: she became animated and eloquent under her troubles; and, mingled with her regrets for her "poor dear departed," were innumerable wailings for her daughter's absence.

Kate Cavendish had accompanied her husband, during the short deceitful peace of Amiens, to Paris—and there the beautiful Mrs. Cavendish was distinguished as a wonder, "*si aimable*"—"si gentille"—"*si naïve*"—"si mignone;"—the most accomplished of the French court could not be like her, for they had forgotten to be natural; and the novelty and diffidence of the beautiful Englishwoman rendered her an object of universal interest. Petted and fêted she certainly was, but not spoiled. She was not

insensible to admiration, and yet it was evident to all that she preferred the affectionate attention of her husband to the homage of the whole world, nor was she ever happy but by his side. Suddenly, the loud war-whoop echoed throughout Europe—the First Consul was too ambitious a man to remain at peace with England—and Major Cavendish had only time to convey his beloved wife to her native country, when he was called upon to join his regiment. Kate Cavendish was no heroine; she loved her husband with so entire an affection, a love of so yielding, so relying a kind—she leaned her life, her hopes, her very soul upon him, with so perfect a confidence, that to part from him was almost a moral death.

“How shall I think?—how speak?—how act, when you are not with me?” she said; “how support myself?—who will instruct me now, in all that is great, and good, and noble?—who will smile when I am right, who reprove me when I err, and yet reprove so gently, that I would rather hear him chide than others praise!” It was in vain to talk to her of glory, honor, or distinction—was not her husband in her eyes sufficiently glorious, honorable, and distinguished? whom did she ever see like him?—she loved him with all the rich, ripe fondness of a young and affectionate heart; and truly did she think that heart would break when he departed. Youth little knows what hearts can endure; they little think what they must of necessity go through in this work-a-day

world; they are ill prepared for the trials and turmoils that await the golden, as well as the humbler pageant of existence. After-life tells us how wise and well it is that we have no prospect into futurity. Kate Cavendish returned to her mother's house, without the knowledge of the total change that had come over her thoughts and feelings: her heart's youth had passed away, though she was still almost a child in years; and her mother had a new cause for lamentation. Kate was so dull and silent, so changed; the green-house might go to wreck and ruin for aught she cared. And she sat a greater number of hours on her father's grave than she spent in her poor mother's chamber. This lament was not without foundation; the beautiful Kate Cavendish had fallen into a morbid and careless melancholy, that pervaded all her actions; her very thoughts seemed steeped in sorrow; and it was happy for her that a new excitement to exertion occurred, when, about five months after her husband's departure, she became a mother. Despite Mrs. Seymour's prognostics, the baby lived and prospered; and, by its papa's express command, was called Kate; an arrangement which very much tended to the increase of its grandmamma's discontent: "It was such a singular mark of disrespect to her not to call it 'Mary.'"

How full of the true and beautiful manifestations of maternal affection were the letters of Mrs. Cavendish to her husband;—"little Kate was so very like him—her

lip, her eye, her smile;" and then, as years passed on, and Major Cavendish had gained a regiment by his bravery, the young mother chronicled her child's wisdom, her wit, her voice—the very tone of her voice was so like her father's! her early love of study; and, during the night watches, in the interval of his long and harassing marches, and his still more desperate engagements, Colonel Cavendish found happiness and consolation in the perusal of the outpourings of his own Kate's heart and soul. In due time, his second Kate could and did write those misshapen characters of affection, pot-hooks and hangers, wherein parents, but only parents, see the promise of perfection; then came the fair, round hand, so *embonpoint*, with its hair and broad strokes; then an epistle in French; and at last a letter in very neat text, bearing the stamp of authenticity in its diction, and realizing the hopes so raised by his wife's declaration, that "their Kate was all her heart could desire, so like him in all things." The life of Colonel Cavendish continued for some years at full gallop; days and hours are composed of the same number of seconds, whether passed in the solitude of a cottage or the excitement of a camp; yet how differently are they numbered—how *very*, very different is the retrospect.

Had Colonel Cavendish seen his wife, still in her early beauty, with their daughter half sitting half kneeling by her side, the one looking younger, the other older, than

each really was, he would not have believed it possible that the lovely and intelligent girl could be indeed his child, the child of his young Kate. A series of most provoking, most distressing occurrences had prevented his returning, even on leave, to England; he had been ordered, during a long and painful war, from place to place, and from country to country, until at last he almost began to despair of ever seeing home again. It was not in the nature of his wife's love to change. And it was a beautiful illustration of woman's constancy, the habitual and affectionate manner in which Mrs. Cavendish referred all things to the remembered feelings and opinions of her absent husband. Poor Mrs. Seymour existed on to spite humanity, discontented and complaining—a living scourge to good-nature and sympathy, under whatever semblance it appeared—or, perhaps, for the sake of contrast, to show her daughter's many virtues in more glowing colors. The contrast was painful in the extreme; and no one could avoid feeling for the Two Kates, worried as they both were with the unceasing complainings of their woe-working parent. If a month passed without letters arriving from Colonel Cavendish, Mrs. Seymour was sure to tell them "to prepare for the worst;" and concluded her observations by the enlivening assurance "that she had always been averse to her marriage with a soldier, because she felt assured that if he went away he would never return!"

At last, one of the desolating battles that filled England with widows, and caused multitudes of orphans to weep in our highways, sent agony to the heart of the patient and enduring Kate: the fatal return, at the head of the column, "*Colonel Cavendish missing*," was enough; he had 'scaped so many perils, not merely victorious, but unhurt, that she had in her fondness believed he bore a charmed life; and were her patience, her watchings, her hopes, to be so rewarded? was her child fatherless? and was her heart desolate? Violent was indeed her grief, and fearful her distraction;—but it had, like all violent emotion, its reaction; she hoped on, in the very teeth of her despair; she was sure he was not dead—how could he be dead?—he that had so often escaped, could it be possible that at the last he had fallen? Providence, she persisted, was too merciful to permit such a sorrow to rest upon her and her innocent child; and she resolutely resolved not to put on mourning, or display any of the usual tokens of affection, although every one else believed him dead. One of the sergeants of his own regiment had seen him struck to the earth by a French sabre, and immediately after a troop of cavalry rode over the ground, thus leaving no hopes of his escape; the field of battle in that spot presented, the next day, a most lamentable spectacle: crushed were those so lately full of life, its hopes and expectations; they had saturated the field with their life's blood; the torn standard of England mingled

its colors with the standard of France; no trace of the body of Colonel Cavendish was found; but his sword, his rifled purse, and portions of his dress, were picked up by a young officer, Sir Edmund Russell, who had ever evinced towards him the greatest affection and friendship. Russell wrote every particular to Mrs. Cavendish, and said that, as he was about to return to England in a few weeks, having obtained sick leave, he would bring the purse and sword of his departed friend with him.

Poor Mrs. Cavendish murmured over the word "*departed*;" paled, shook her head, and then looked up into the face of her own Kate, with a smile beaming with the hope, which certainly her daughter did not feel. "He is not dead," she repeated; and in the watches of the night, when, in her slumbers, she had steeped her pillow with tears, she would start, repeat "he is not dead," then sleep again. There was something beautiful and affecting in the warm and earnest love, the perfect friendship existing between this youthful mother and her daughter; it was so unlike the usual tie between parent and child; and yet it was so well cemented, so devoted, so respectful: the second Kate, at fifteen, was more womanly, more resolute, more calm, more capable of thought, than her mother had been at seven-and-twenty; and it was curious to those who note closely the shades of human character, to observe how, at two-and-thirty, Mrs. Cavendish turned for advice and consolation to her high-minded daughter,

and leaned upon her for support. Even Mrs. Seymour became in a great degree sensible of her superiority; and felt something like shame at complaining, before her grand-daughter, of the frivolous matters which constituted the list of her misfortunes. The beauty of Miss Cavendish was like her mind, of a lofty bearing—lofty, not proud. She looked and moved like a young queen—she was a noble girl; and when Sir Edmund Russell saw her first, he thought—alas! I cannot tell *all* he thought—but he certainly “fell,” as it is termed, “in love,” and nearly forgot the wounds inflicted in the battle-field, when he acknowledged to himself the deep and ever-living passion he felt for the daughter of his dearest friend.

“It is indeed most happy for your mother,” he said to her, some days after his arrival at Sydney Hall—“it is indeed most happy for your mother that she does not believe what I know to be so true; I think, if she were convinced of your father’s death, she would sink into despair.”

“Falsehood, or false impressions,” replied Kate, “sooner or later produce a sort of moral fever, which leaves the patient weakened in body and in mind. I would rather she knew the worst at once—despair, by its own violence, works its own cure.”

“Were it you, Miss Cavendish, I should not fear the consequences; but your mother is so soft and gentle in her nature.”

“Sir Edmund, she *knew* my father—lived with him—worshipped him; the knowledge of his existence was the staff of hers; he was the soul of her fair frame. Behold her now—how beautiful she looks—those sunbeams resting on her head, and her chiseled features upturned towards heaven, tracing my father’s portrait in those fleecy clouds, or amid yonder trees; and do you mark the hectic on her cheek? Could she believe it, I know she would be better; there’s not a stroke upon the bell, there’s not an echo of a footfall in the great avenue, but she thinks it his; at night, she starts if but a mouse do creep along the wainscot, or a soft breeze disturb the blossoms of the woodbines that press against our window; and then exclaims, ‘I thought it was your father!’”

With such converse, and amid the rich and various beauties of a picturesque, rambling, old country house, with its attendant green meadows, pure trout stream, and sylvan grottoes—sometimes with Mrs. Cavendish, sometimes without her, did Kate and Sir Edmund wander, and philosophize, and fall in love.

One autumn evening, Mrs. Seymour, fixing her eyes upon the old tent-stitch screen, said to her daughter, who, as usual, had been thinking of her husband:—

“Has it ever occurred to you, my dear Kate, that there is likely to be another fool in the family? I say nothing; thanks to your father’s will, I have had this old rambling

place left upon my hands for my life, which was a sad drawback; better, he had left it to your brother."

"You might have given it up to Alfred, if you had chosen, long ago," said Mrs. Cavendish, who knew well that, despite her grumbling, her mother loved Sydney Hall as the apple of her eye. "What, and give the world cause to say that I doubted my husband's judgment! No, no; I am content to suffer in silence; but do you not perceive that your Kate is making a fool of herself, just as you did, my dear—falling in love with a soldier, marrying misery, and working disappointment." More, a great deal more, did the old lady say; but fortunately nobody heard her, for when her daughter perceived that her eyes were safely fixed on the tent-stitch screen, she made her escape, and, as fate would have it, encountered Sir Edmund at the door. In a few minutes he had told her of his love for her beloved Kate; but, though Mrs. Cavendish had freely given her own hand to a soldier, the remembrance of what she had suffered—of her widowed years, the uncertainty of her present state, anxiety for her child's happiness, a desire, a fear of her future well-being—all rushed upon her with such confusion, that she became too agitated to reply to his entreaties; and he rushed from the chamber, to give her time to compose herself, and to bring another, whose entreaties would be added to his own: he returned with Kate, pale, but almost

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as dignified as ever. Mrs. Cavendish clasped her to her bosom.

"You would not leave me, child—would not thrust your mother from your heart, and place a stranger there?"

"No, no," she replied; "Kate's heart is large enough for both."

"And do you love him?"

The maiden hid her face upon her mother's bosom; yet, though she blushed, she did not equivocate, but replied, in a low, firm voice, "Mother, I do."

"Sir Edmund," said the mother, still holding her child to her heart; "I have suffered too much—too much, to give her to a soldier."

"Mother," whispered Catharine, "yet, for all that you have suffered, for all that you may yet endure, you would not have aught but that soldier husband, were *you* to *wed* again!"

No other word passed the lips of the young widow; again, again, and again, did she press her child to her bosom; then placing her fair hand within Sir Edmund's palm, rushed in an agony of tears to the solitude of her own chamber.

* * * * *

"Hark! how the bells are ringing," said Anne Leafy to Jenny Fleming, as they were placing white roses in their stomachers, and snooding their hair with fair satin

ribbon. "And saw you ever a brighter morning? Kate Cavendish will have a blithesome bridal; though I hear that Madam Seymour is very angry, and says no luck will attend this, no more than the last wedding!" The words had hardly passed the young maid's lips, when a bronzed countenance pressed itself amid the roses of the little summer-house, in which they sat arranging their little finery, and a rough and travel-soiled man inquired: "Of whom speak ye?"

"Save us!" exclaimed Jenny Fleming, who was a trifle pert. "Save us, master!—why at the wedding at the Hall, to be sure; Kate Cavendish's wedding, to be sure; she has moped long enough, for certain, and now is going to marry a brave gentleman, Sir Edmund Russell!" The stranger turned from the village girls, who, fearful of being late at the church, set away across the garden of the little inn, leaving the wayfarer in quiet possession, but with no one in the dwelling to attend the guests, except a deaf waiter, who could not hear "the strange gentleman's" questions, and a dumb ostler, who was incapable of replying to them.

* * * * *

The youthful bride and the young bridegroom stood together at the altar; and a beautiful sight it was, to see them on the threshold of a new existence. Mrs. Cavendish might be pardoned for that she wept abundantly—partly tears of memory, partly of hope; and the ceremony

proceeded to the words "If either of you know any impediment," when there was a rush, a whirl, a commotion outside the porch, and the stranger of the inn rushed forward, exclaiming, "I know an impediment—she is mine!"

A blessing upon hoping, trusting, enduring woman! A thousand blessings upon those who draw consolation from the deepness of despair! The wife was right—her husband was not dead; and as Colonel Cavendish pressed his own Kate to his bosom, and gazed upon her face, he said, "I am bewildered!—they told me false—they said Kate Cavendish was to be married! and——"

"And so she is," interrupted Sir Edmund Russell; "but from your hand only will I receive her: are there not two KATES, my old friend?"

What the noble soldier's feelings were, Heaven knows!—no human voice could express them—no pen write them;—they burst from, and yet were treasured in his heart.

"My child!—that my daughter!—two Kates!—wife and child!" he murmured. Time had galloped with him, and it was long ere he believed that his daughter could be old enough to marry. The villagers from without crowded into the sweet village church; and, moved by the noise, Mrs. Seymour put on her new green spectacles, and stepped forward to where Colonel Cavendish stood trembling between his wife and child; then, looking him earnestly in the face, she said, "After all, it is really you!"

Bless me! how ill you look! I never could bear to make people uncomfortable, but if you do not take great care, you will not live a month!"

"I said he was not dead," repeated his gentle wife; "and I said——" but what does it matter what was said? Kate the second was married; and that evening, after Colonel Cavendish had related his hairbreadth 'scapes, and a sad story of imprisonment, again did his wife repeat, "*I said he was not dead!*"

L I N E S.

BY MARGUERITE POWER.

WHEN first we met, that rosy lip
A kindly welcome smiled upon me;
But yet 'twas not that sunny smile,
Though bright as opening day, that won me.

When first we parted, on thy lid
I saw a glistening tear-drop quiver;
It formed within my heart a spring
Of love, that flows to thee for ever!

THE RIVALS.

I SAW an old man, a gray old man—
He sat on a mossy stone,
While the world's swift current before him ran;
But he sat and watched it alone.
Grimly he smiled, and all the joy
Of his dull life seemed to be,
Hope's pictures of beauty to mar and destroy—
Oh! that old man pleased not me.

There was a city, stately and fair;
He waved his withered hand,
When a moment laid its foundations bare,
And showed that they only were built on air,
And the city could not stand.
Young flowers of spring were budding nigh,
And bright was the promise they bore;
But his pointed finger revealed to the eye
A canker in every core.

And Beauty was there, in her loveliest grace;
 But a touch of the old man's art
Showed, lurking beneath the smiling face,
 A cold and a hollow heart.
Then I turned, that old man's name to crave,
And they called him "Experience," sage and grave.

I saw a boy, a laughing boy,
 His face was heavenly fair,
And his sparkling eye danced bright with joy,
 As he shook his sunny hair.
A waste and a dreary desert spread
 Where the old man's art had been;
But beneath the stripling's lightsome tread
Each flower again raised up its head,
 And all was fresh and green.
New walls arose, as lofty as they
Whose foundations had crumbled and melted away;
And Beauty's daughters a loveliness wore
As bright and as stainless as ever before.
Sweet child! I cried—with this power divine,
Let me be a follower ever of thine.

The cruel old man, with a frown severe,
 Touched the spot where the boy was treading;
And the poor child wept a bitter tear,
 As he saw his blossoms fading.

But short was the triumph, short and vain—

For, in spite of each cold endeavor,
The boy on their ruins built up again

His bower as bright as ever!

Then I asked his name, and the people smiled—
It was "Expectation," young Hope's child.

And so, from the day of the world's first birth,

Those two have been striving together;
And Expectation has brightened the earth
With blossoms of beauty and seeming worth,

Which Experience touches to wither!
Each has his train of followers true;
The one has the sad and wise,
And the other, the young and ardent crew,
Whose hearts are still moist with the early dew
That drops from the morning skies.

Yet which is the better, sweet child, to be
Triumphant with him, or deceived with thee?

If knowledge is sorrow, then is it not madness

To yield the warm heart to its stony encrusting?
If Hope's airy dreams are an innocent gladness,

Oh! where is the soul shall grow weary of trusting?
Say 'tis but a dream—shall I ask for the aching,
The coldness and care that attend upon waking?

No! rosy winged phantom, bright child of the skies,
On thy glittering pinion in fancy I'll rise;
And should old Experience ruffle my pillow,
To rouse me again to the storm and the billow,
From thy fairy influence sooner than sever,
I'll seal up my eyes, and lie dreaming for ever!

G. W. L.

G R A S M E R E .

THE gates and everlasting doors on high
Are opened, and the stars their courses hold
Rejoicing, while the moon along the sky
In brightness walks, and paints with umbered gold
The woodlands, rocks, and mountains that enfold
The vale where Grasmere's waters sleeping lie,
Or hushed in adoration; for, of old
They hear, and without answer give reply
To that oraculous canticle, where day
With day, and night with night accordant blend
Their warblings, till the universal lay
Up to the hierarchies of heaven ascend,
With them joint homage jubilant to pay
In strains that never rest, and never end.

H.

TO GENEVIEVE.

BY THOMAS HENRY STONE.

"'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form."

WORDSWORTH.

How many years, dear Genevieve, have I
Uplifted solemn offerings to thee?
How many hopes with which my heart beat high
For thy dear sake have ever haunted me?
Thou knew'st it not, perchance, thou couldst not know
The secret of the breast that loved thee so—
The doubts, the fears—the agonies which threw
Into its inmost depths a troubled hue,
Such as the troubled shadows which deform
The ocean's bosom when it heaves with storm!
Thou knew'st it not! or pity's holiest ray,
Had smiling chased the gathering spell away;
But now—alas! how many years have passed—
On what bleak rock of anguish is he cast!

Behold—'tis autumn! every mountain height
Is crimsoned with her own exceeding light;
The forest-boughs are shrouded with sere leaves,
'Midst which the wind in dirge-like murmur grieves,
Wafting with every sigh of its unrest
A withered leaflet to the earth's cold breast!
The sun too sinks! It is an hour of gloom
Prophetic of a soul's impassioned doom,
Which soared its own dim destiny above,
Daring a mortal for a seraph's love!
He walked that hour, dear Genevieve, with thee,
And the great spirit of the scene set free
The tempest of his soul!—His quivering lips
Soon lost their utterance, as in blank eclipse
The sun its light! He could not—dared not brook
The tender feeling in thy downcast look;
What didst thou say? "Oh! do not idly deem
That proud affection's deeply moving stream
Will, aye, recurve one wave; or find perforce
A deeper channel—or a happier course!"
Again she speaks—his throbbing heart beats fast—
Hath some new grief its painful shadow cast
Beneath his steps?—"Inconstant"—"Lady, how
May that reproach be fingered on his brow?
Hath he not worn, as other men, his chain,
With all its links of weariness and pain?"

Have not the clouds of this disastrous life
In storms swept past him, heeding not their strife?
Whilst thou above them wert the only star
He watched, he hailed, he worshiped from afar!
Oh! with what deep intensity of pain
Hath thy dear image flitted through his brain!
His be the torture—thine the just regret;
He loved thee ever—and will love thee yet!”

The sun still sinks, and as they walk along,
The winter's herald, the sweet robin's song,
And vesper note of many an unknown bird
Unseen among the boughs are blithely heard!
The path-way narrows; now her azure eye
Uplifts its radiant beauty to the sky;
How doth his bosom inly vainly bleed!
She murmurs forth he holds an impious creed;
And human souls, if destined to unite,
Must blend like rays into one flood of light,
Hold but one faith, in one high temple make
The same atonement for dear Jesus' sake;
Their hearts, when kneeling at the altar stair,
Be as one fountain pouring forth one prayer,
And when subsides life's fastly ebbing wave,
Their very dust be mingled in one grave!
So the same bark, when life's rude storm is o'er,
Will bear them onward to a happier shore,

Which angels robed in dazzling beauty tread,
"The once beloved in life—the glory of the dead!"
Alas! dear Genevieve, and dost thou think
He reels a maniac on destruction's brink?
That the fond breast which doats on thee is left
A chasm of every holy ray bereft—
A gloom-encompassed skeptic's hollow cell,
Where doubt's annihilations dimly dwell?
How can his breaking heart or lips attest
The faith which thine so tenderly confessed?
"So dear to all who joy in Christian birth,"
The only light which sanctifies the earth!
Her words have fallen like a fatal blight
On flowers half blown! A sudden fearful night
Hath darkened on his soul! A heart is crushed
Whose life-blood for her sake had joyous gushed!
He paused—the tear-drop trembled in her eye;
But further now he deigned not a reply!

In twilight shade they lingered yet awhile,
Then parted—with a melancholy smile—
But, oh! the torture of his inmost breast!
The wint'ry wind may rave itself to rest,
The ocean cease its murmurs—ere the tide
Of that strong passion in his heart subside.
How hath he loved thee! Yea, will love thee still!
Affections bow not to the human will.

They are the heaven within us! They control
Our being's wanderings to its final goal;
They are of subtle essence, and pervade
The inmost forms wherein we are arrayed
Here and hereafter!—Therefore marvel not
They overrule mortality's frail lot
With such omnipotence of pain, and make
The darkening stream of our existence take
A course impetuous as the torrent swift,
Whose foam-lit locks the raging tempests lift
In mockery to the skies! Ah! woe are we!
But Heaven's protecting hand avert from thee,
All pain, and grief, and inward misery!
May never tear bedim thy bright blue eye;
And when thou liftest up thy prayers on high,
May all thou askest from above be shed,
With grace and blessing down, on thy dear head!—
May health's soft luxuries for ever bless,
With all its glowing hues, thy loveliness—
And when thy beauty lies reposed in sleep,
May sweetest visions round its breathings sweep,
As moonlight with a soft and holy power
Circles the beauty of a sleeping flower!

THE GROTTO OF AKTELEG.

AN HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MUMMY."

NEAR the village of Azelas, in Hungary, is an immense cavern, or rather a vast succession of caverns, extending for many miles under ground, and known by the general name of the "Grotto of Akteleg." Nothing can be more romantic than its situation: fir and box trees cover the steep hills in its vicinity, and fields of Turkish maize fertilize the valleys; the bright yellow of the corn, as the tall stalks wave in the passing gale, and their heavy heads dash against each other, contrasting strikingly with the dark masses of the fir, and the glossy verdure of the box.

This wild, solitary-looking spot, which is now almost inaccessible even to the foot of man, was once, according to tradition, a splendid city; indeed, traces are still pointed out, of the carriage wheels which once rolled through its streets; whilst the altar, pillars, and sculpture of its

magnificent cathedral may also be discovered through the mass of stalactites which now encrust them, and which reflect back the torch of the inquisitive visitor in a thousand varied tints. Dazzling, indeed, is the magical effect of this spacious cavern, when lights flash through its dark recesses. It resembles a crystal palace, whose walls, hung with diamonds and a thousand other precious stones, are so brilliant as to make the eye ache with beholding them;—vault after vault thus sparkles with ineffable brightness, till the spectator almost fancies himself in the paradise of the Chaldeans, and turns away at length bewildered by the blaze. One chamber is, however, an exception to this description; for, in that, all is dark, save a single pillar of pale amber, emitting a mild, softened light, which, when compared with the intensity of the glare in the entrance to the cave, falls upon the eye like faint moonbeams feebly struggling through the deep shadows of a thick grove. Soothing is the effect produced upon the mind by this gentle lustre; but the pleasing sensations it excites are soon converted into astonishment—for, when the pillar is struck with iron, it sends forth tones so plaintive and so sweet, that few can hear them without emotion. The legend annexed to this singular phenomenon is far from being uninteresting.

In the reign of the apostate Julian, Akteleg was the metropolis of a flourishing kingdom; the monarch of which—a stern, avaricious man—eagerly followed the

example of the emperor, and endeavored to restore Paganism throughout his dominions. Although he was, like all new converts, very zealous in the cause he had thus adopted, it was whispered that his persecuting fervor arose less from real enmity to the Christians, than from his earnest desire to seize upon the wealth they had accumulated; and this supposition was confirmed by his re-conversion to Christianity on the fall of his master; a change which was, however, principally attributed to the influence of his beautiful daughter Monica, who was a pious follower of Jesus, and whom he had always permitted to practice freely the rites of her religion.

The fame of the court of Akteleg, for its magnificence, and for the encouragement afforded by its monarch to the professors of the fine arts, drew to that city a number of learned men from all nations; and of these, none were so kindly received, or so warmly patronized, as those skilled in the occult sciences. It was the very era for superstition; as Paganism was laboring under all the weakness of dotage, and Christianity had scarcely risen into its full strength. The minds of men were unsettled, and, in the absence of some fixed faith upon which they could firmly build their hopes, they clung eagerly to the strong excitement produced by magic. In those days, when men were only imperfectly acquainted with the secrets of nature, knowledge was indeed power, and the happy few who possessed it were so superior to the rest, as to be readily

supposed to hold communication with supernatural beings. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the human mind, that almost every person has some particular weakness, over which the judgment has no influence—and which, even in sensible men, often degenerates into downright folly: whilst this feeling, although sedulously concealed from the world, is fondly cherished in private by its possessor;—perhaps upon the principle that induces a mother to manifest more affection for her deformed children than for her more perfect offspring. This was the case with the king of Akteleg: no one possessed a stronger mind, more acute penetration, or a sounder judgment than he, as to the general affairs of his kingdom; and yet no one was more credulous in all that related to astrology, demonology, astrobolism, divination, or, in fact, to any of those forbidden studies, whose very name of occult invested them with indescribable charms.

The most celebrated sage at the court of the Hungarian monarch, was an Egyptian of the name of Merops, who, it was affirmed, had existed in those far-distant days when Egypt, in science as well as power, shone mistress of the world, and even Greece was, as yet, unknown. No one could tell by what mysterious arts his life had been protracted so far beyond the period usually assigned to that of man; yet no one doubted the truth of the report, for no tale was so wild or so absurd as not, at that time, to find implicit belief. Merops was fully aware of the awe

he inspired, and no one knew better than himself how to maintain the station to which the credulity of his admirers had raised him. His abilities and knowledge, however, were solely directed to one object—the gratification of his ambition; and for this he denied himself all the pleasures and even comforts of life; for this he exhausted the powers of his mighty mind in abstruse studies; and for this he condescended to become the idol of the multitude. By these means, though of obscure origin, he had already risen into fame; he was followed, courted, nay, almost adored, till at length he reached the climax of his wishes, and was ordered to appear before the sovereign himself.

The king received Merops with breathless anxiety. Legends of the immense treasures buried in ancient times beneath the Hungarian mountains, had long haunted his imagination; and the hopes he had conceived that this almost omniscient man might reveal their hidden depositary, were so overpowering, that for a moment they nearly deprived him of speech; Merops marked the inward agitation of the king, and smiled in the proud consciousness of mental superiority. The conference was short; for the spirit of the king quailed before the haughty glance of the stranger: the power which after times have attributed to the eyes of the rattlesnake, seemed exercised upon him; and, although he felt he could not turn from that steadfast gaze, his soul sickened under its influence.

In the mean time, the heart of Merops throbbed with

joy, for he knew that he should now attain the summit of his wishes. The king had heedlessly put himself into the power of his subject; he had confided to the hands of Merops the master-key of his passions, and the wily philosopher did not hesitate to avail himself amply of the knowledge he had acquired. Though Merops despised wealth for its own sake, he was too well aware of the influence which gold exerts over the minds of men, not to wish to obtain it as a means of furthering his ambition. For this purpose he had searched the most hidden recesses of the mountains, to endeavor to discover the treasures said to be concealed in them; and had at length succeeded in discovering a valley of crystallizations, which, when they reflected the rays of the setting sun, assumed the appearance of precious stones. By torch-light this effect was considerably increased, and the active mind of Merops easily divined an expedient, by which he might avail himself of this spectacle to inflame to its utmost the cupidity of the king, and, at the same time, to convince him that he possessed the power of gratifying it.

Having made the arrangements necessary to effect his purpose, Merops once more stood before his sovereign: the monarch greeted him eagerly, and with a trembling voice asked if he had discovered the hidden treasures.

"In obedience to thy command, sire," replied the sage, "thy slave has summoned to his aid the demons of the

earth, and they have shown to him a treasure which has dazzled his eyes with its glory."

"Where? where is it?" cried the monarch.

"It is permitted to the humble slave of the mighty king of Akteleg, to show this splendor to his sovereign; but neither the king nor his devoted attendant may presume to touch the glittering jewels which they are destined to behold, without first propitiating the demons appointed to guard them from the world."

"And how are they to be propitiated?"

"There are rites," murmured the sage, in a deep, hollow tone, fixing his eyes, which seemed to glare with supernatural brightness, upon the king. "There are rites, which the unenlightened describe as impious, but which"——

"Oh, father! dearest father!" cried Monica, bursting into the room, and falling at the monarch's feet; "do not listen to him."

"Whence came you, my child; and why do you meddle with matters so far above your comprehension?"

"They are not above my comprehension;—alas! alas! I but too well understand their meaning. He would urge you to destruction, father; but resist the tempter—I inadvertently overheard your conversation, and I am come to save you."

Monica paused. All that fine devotedness of purpose, which had already distinguished so many of her sex and

religion, in those ages of persecution, glowed upon her cheek and brightened in her eye; whilst, like them, she also seemed prepared to die a martyr to her faith. The king was affected; he could not gaze upon the beautiful features of his daughter, ennobled as they were by the grandeur of her soul, without feeling ashamed of his own vacillation, yet he could not conquer it; his mind was incapable of the high resolve which sat enthroned upon his daughter's brow; for avarice debases its possessor, and, like the snail, pollutes with its foul slime everything that it touches. The Egyptian saw his hesitation, and knew that he was successful; for such is the natural disposition of man to evil, that when he suffers his mind to waver, even for an instant, between vice and virtue, it is quite certain that the former will soon gain the ascendancy.

"I do but wish to see the wonders that this man can exhibit," said the king, after a short silence. "There can be no harm in beholding the treasures which he speaks of."

Monica shook her head. "Then let me accompany you," said she.

Merops was by no means pleased with this proposition, but the king caught at it with eagerness, and the Egyptian was too prudent to disgust his neophyte, by even offering an objection. The night fixed upon for their expedition

was one of pitchy darkness, and the road lay entirely through dense forests of the black pine. The king, although he moved, himself, with trembling steps, was yet obliged to support the delicate form of his lovely daughter, who clung fondly to him; whilst the stern magician, arrayed in the flowing garb of his order, bore aloft the torch which alone served to light them on their way. No sound broke upon the silence of the night, save the wind, which howled mournfully through the pine trees; the withered cones and dried leaves rattling with every gust. It is scarcely possible to imagine a scene more calculated to inspire horror; and the spirits of both Monica and her father sank beneath its influence. No one spoke; and with noiseless steps they slowly wound round the side of a steep mountain, till they reached the top, when a scene burst upon them, which inspired even the tranquil Monica with a transport of delight.

In every fissure of the rocks that surrounded the valley of crystal, the magician had placed a torch of pine wood; and having previously illuminated them, the effulgence of light which burst upon the eyes of the astonished king and his daughter, seemed almost more than mortals could endure. The cheeks of the lovely Monica, however, became pale as the sculptured marble of the tomb, when she had gazed a few seconds upon this splendid vision.

"Oh, father! dearest father! let us fly," exclaimed she, in trembling accents; "it is enchantment—a vile

delusion, to destroy us—let us fly, whilst we have yet the power.”

The king did not reply—his eyes were fixed upon the glittering valley.

“Father! dearest father!” cried Monica, hanging round his neck;—still she was unheeded—and the eyes of the king remained chained, as if by magic, to the spot. Monica was in despair: one only method presented itself, by which she hoped to drag her father from the influence of this fatal fascination; and, although it was repugnant to the natural timidity of her sex, she determined to brave every possible danger in such a cause. She looked again imploringly at the king; but his eye was glazed, and he seemed insensible of her presence.

“I go—will you not accompany me, my father?” said she, clinging closer to him. He did not reply; all his faculties seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the deceitful treasures before him. “Nay, then, I go alone,” said the maiden, firmly, and loosing her hold, she walked hastily away. Violent were the emotions which throbbed in her father’s breast as she departed; but, after a struggle, parental love prevailed. He could not trust his Monica, his tender, gentle child, alone to tread that dark and dangerous way; he looked after her a moment, and as he saw her slight form vanishing amongst the trees, the lesser passion was absorbed; he felt how worthless would be his gold, should fate deprive him of his daughter; and he left

the gorgeous scene he had been contemplating to pursue her footsteps, without heaving a single sigh.

The demon of avarice, however, although driven from the field, was by no means vanquished; for, as soon as the king's apprehensions for the safety of his daughter were removed, his thoughts reverted to the splendid valley. Monica marked her father's abstraction, and implored him to pray for Divine assistance to repel the tempter. The king did not reply; and, in fact, had no sooner conducted her to her own apartments, than he flew back in search of the magnificent spectacle which had so lately enchanted him. It was vanished; the wary magician had taken advantage of his absence to extinguish the torches—and when the king again stood upon the brow of the hill, all around was gloom. Maddened with disappointment, fancy exaggerated what he had lost; and when he again encountered Merops, his mind was in a fit state to be wrought to desperation by that artful conspirator. It would be useless to detail by what means the king was induced to offer a sacrifice to propitiate the demons who guarded the treasures; yet such was the fact, and the following night was fixed upon for the completion of the crime.

The Egyptians were profound chemists; and though Merops did not, as rumors idly whispered, derive his existence from that nation, yet he had studied under a descendant from one of its sages, and from him had learned

the secret of compounding a magic powder, which, when ignited, would explode with such force as to destroy every object in its vicinity. Having prepared a quantity of this destructive drug, he buried it under a pavilion in the garden belonging to the palace, and then persuaded the credulous monarch to offer there a burnt sacrifice to the evil spirits. Merops had contrived that he should not be present at this ceremony, which he confidently hoped would end in the destruction of his sovereign, and he had prepared the ministers of state and chief officers of the court to regard such an event as a dispensation of Heaven; whilst he had laid another plan, equally well arranged, through which he meant, by means of his chemical secrets, to terrify the people into appointing him as the king's successor.

Weak, however, are the designs of mortals, if Omnipotence frown upon their projects: the schemes of Merops were laid with almost supernatural sagacity;—every difficulty was foreseen, and every objection anticipated; yet it was all in vain; and the consummate skill shown by the crafty plotter, only hastened his own destruction. Unconscious of the strength of the ingredients he had employed, he had buried so much of the fatal powder, that one single spark was sufficient to involve the whole city in ruin. Of this, he was not aware; and, fancying that the pavilion in which the sacrifice was to be offered up would alone suffer, he calmly awaited the event in the

adjoining palace. With fiend-like barbarity, however, he determined that the innocent Monica should not survive her father; and for this purpose he informed her of the king's intentions the very instant before they were to be put into execution. Monica was struck with horror at the intimation; and, as the crafty magician had anticipated, she resolved to interfere to prevent the consummation of so great a sin. She accordingly, at the very moment when the king was about to light the unhallowed pile, rushed into the pavilion, and threw herself at his feet. She could not speak—but her panting breast and dishevelled hair bespoke her agitation, and her imploring eyes pierced her father's heart.

"My Monica," said he, "this is no place for you. Return, my child—I will join you soon."

"Never!" exclaimed Monica, firmly; "never will I leave this place, unless you accompany me."

"This is childish, Monica. I have but some rites to perform, in which I would not have you participate; when they are concluded, I will join you."

"And what rites must those be, which a parent refuses to participate with his child? At my entreaty you renounced the errors of Paganism—but this is worse. Oh, father!—dearest father! reflect, ere it be too late."

The king paused—he looked fondly at his daughter. "It is but for thy sake," said he, "that I wish to acquire riches."

"Then, wish no longer!" cried Monica, her eyes sparkling with animation, "risk not thy precious soul for my sake. I want not gold. Hear me, as I swear—solemnly swear! to live henceforward as the anchorite of the desert. Never will I again touch gold—never again shall costly viands pollute my lips—my food shall be simply the fruits of the earth, and my drink, water from the spring!"

"My child! my child! what have you said?"

"What I mean steadily to perform," returned Monica, a bright smile passing over her countenance as she spoke; "let me save my father from everlasting destruction, and the luxuries of life fade as nothing in the scale!"

The king looked at her with emotion; to his heated imagination it seemed no longer his daughter, but his guardian angel that stood before him: his better feelings prevailed—he threw down the censer, and clasping her in his arms, whispered softly, "Thou hast conquered!"

That instant a peal, like thunder, broke upon their ears; a hollow, rumbling noise succeeded, and the ground heaved like the billows of the sea. Fire had fallen from the censer, when the king cast it from him; the fatal powder ignited, and, as the mine exploded, the rocks were torn asunder with a convulsion which seemed the last throes of expiring nature. Palaces and towers tottered to their fall; the lofty dome of the cathedral rocked like a pine branch tossing in a storm; earth yawned for her prey, and the fair city sank into her bosom. Mountains closed over

it, and the very name of Akteleg is now almost forgotten. No mortal being escaped alive the horrors of that fatal night; but the moonlight softness of the pale amber pillar, seems emblematic of the lovely Monica; and as its sweet though mournful notes melt upon the ear, to a fanciful mind the tender music seems still to sigh over the fallen fortunes of her country.

M A R I E L A N I L L A .

BY E. SCAIFE.

OF all the fair prospects whose beauty has arrested the admiring gaze of the traveller, none, in our neighborhood, may be compared with Burndale. Sweet Burndale! with its meadows, and its rivulets, and its little islands formed by rivulets, and its groves, and its gray ruins peeping from the grove, and its winding walks, and its rustic hermitage. Sure I am that, if my reader could be transported thither, its loveliness would never be forgotten. And with this favorable impression concerning the taste of that respected individual, I will endeavor to repress the garrulity of old age, and lose myself in my story.

Burndale hermitage then, some fifteen years ago, was occupied by a certain General Lanilla, a widower, mourning for the recent loss of a beloved wife, and a Frenchman to boot, who, together with his daughter and an old lady answering to the name of nurse, and a man-servant and a maid-servant, contrived to excite no inconsiderable portion of the curiosity and scandal of the adjacent vil-

lage of Burnwater. Some of its exemplary inhabitants exclaimed against him as a spy, while others denounced him as a papist; but as time wore on, and the outlandish servants became better acquainted with the king's English and its speakers, suspicion gradually subsided.

With one singular exception in favor of the rector, the general declined all intercourse with the neighboring families, and thus crushed in the bud the incipient speculation of many a maiden lady. His daughter, however, frequently visited the poorer villagers, and, consequently became a great favorite with the gossips, who again and again declared that she was innocence itself. "So beautiful," they said, "and so good, so tender-hearted, and withal so pretty spoken—they never saw the like! She was a perfect angel!" And, omitting the last rather irreverent commendation, the good people of Burnwater were not far wrong in their conclusion.

Marie Lanilla, at the age of twelve, was certainly the very personification of childish beauty, graceful, gentle, affectionate; and again, when, years past—when the girl was lost in the woman—when the rich and rare endowments of superior intellect were more fully developed and appreciated by her inquiring mind, those same gifts, heightened and exalted, formed her distinguishing attributes. Of love, in its passionate signification, she understood little; her hand was promised, and that her affection might accompany it, was the fervent prayer of her

heart. Still, at times, rebellious thoughts would arise, and she would sigh, as she called to mind the long gravel walks, the stiff trees, and the marble terraces, which the recollections of childhood connected with her future lot. United with these, too, was the memory of a tall, dark gentleman, with melancholy countenance and pale brow; and the remembrance that he had been the friend of her mother in the hours of sorrow, and suffering, and distress, when that mother, by her marriage with Lanilla, had brought upon herself the maledictions of her family, was not always sufficient to render the future a pleasant resting-place for feelings that shrunk from the bare idea of coldness or indifference, nor always sufficient to subdue the changing emotions she experienced, when she recollected that her fate, in all probability, would be united with his. Still, it was her mother's dying wish; and with this knowledge, like a sacred relic on her heart, Marie gradually grew up to maturity. In her father, she found a companion, instructor, friend; her whole affections were centred in him, and perhaps his occasional absences from home were the severest trials of her early life.

It was after one of these separations that Marie, weary of her books, her flowers, the garrulity of nurse, and finally of her own thick-coming and rather dolorous fancies, one fair evening, strolled out into the woods, surrounding the hermitage. After wandering hither and thither for some time, she seated herself beneath a spread-

ing shade on the banks of a rivulet, and, calling home her wandering thoughts, commenced singing. Now Marie had a pleasant voice, low withal, and on this evening particularly low, for she sang in an undertone. The song had been a favorite one of her mother's, and very sweetly it came from the lips of the fair melodist. The translation of the words might perhaps run as follows :—

“France! France! lovely France!
Land of bright and heart romance!
Land of hope!—from a foreign strand
I bless thee, O my fatherland!
France, fair France!”

“France! France!—on vine-clad hill
I would my feet were wandering still;
I would thy bright and laughing skies
Were hanging o'er my lifted eyes!
France, fair France!”

The songstress had proceeded thus far, when her last words were echoed in an unknown voice. Being unconscious of the vicinity of any cave or hollow, she was not a little surprised at the reverberation, and instantly arose from her mossy seat. While she yet wondered, the same tones stole from the thick grove behind, and she was chained to the spot by hearing the continuation of her own song :—

“France! France! from a foreign strand
I bless thee, O my fatherland!”

I bless thee, land of heart romance!

I bless thee—yea, I love thee, France!

France, fair France!"

So sung the voice. Marie was sure it was not a maiden's—it was so much deeper, and fuller, and richer than her own; and with this consciousness, she had just placed her tiny foot on the first of the stepping-stones that formed a dry path across the rivulet, when an envious briar detained her, and before she could disengage herself, a handsome young stranger stepped forward, and after releasing her, apologized with much grace for his intrusion. He had watched her, he said, at a reverent distance; but, hearing the language of his own land so sweetly voiced, he had forgotten himself, had echoed the sentiment of her song, and now pleaded the impelling ties of country as his excuse. There was much embarrassment in Marie's reply. At first, she considered the stranger presumptuous, then again, she remembered that he spoke her own language, and that they were strangers in a strange land. Reasoning thus, the task of forgiveness was readily accomplished; and yet a little while, instead of crossing the stepping-stones, that were indeed rather far apart, she returned home by a more circuitous and open path, listening, as she went, to the voice of the stranger. He spoke of France; of its beauty, of its graces, its literature, its romance, its heroes, and its freedom; and the heart of the fair girl beat in unison with

his own; for the themes on which he dwelt were indeed dear to her. They parted; not indeed with anything approaching to a promise, but still with a kind of understanding on both sides that they were to see each other again the next day. But Marie for many days never strayed beyond the bounds of her flower garden—why, I do not feel called upon to determine; perhaps there was a latent feeling in her heart that she did not wish to encourage, and perhaps—like an unmentionable commander, who prudently considered that where there was no conflict, there could be no defeat—she decided that absence was the best safety-giving armor.

A letter from her father, enclosing one for the rector of Burnwater, was the first occasion of her venturing abroad. The morning was indeed beautiful; its beauty, however, had little influence over the feelings of Marie. Unusually dispirited, she taxed herself with ingratitude and selfishness, and I know not what other naughtinesses besides, because she could not prevail on her heart to go forward with joy to meet her father, who, accompanied by her affianced husband, was expected at the hermitage in a few days. But, once at the rectory, her uneasiness vanished, and her pleasant voice soon mingled with the merriest of the happy group of children who immediately gathered round her.

The morning had nearly worn away, and, at their repeated instance, she was again singing the sweet song that

she had sung before, when the door opened ; and, while the words "fair France" yet lingered on her lips, a stranger entered. His expression of delighted surprise, and Marie's quick confusion, might reasonably have been interpreted into the language of acquaintance. And so indeed they were ; for the stranger of the grove was again the intruder.

Henri Verdun—for such was his name—was the son of an old friend of the rector. Romantic, patriotic, poor withal—for he was a soldier, with little to depend upon, save his commission, and little to expect, save the uncertain favor of a rich relative—and we all know what a precarious tenure relationship is to build upon—it is scarcely to be wondered at that his time should have passed heavily since his meeting with Marie. He had been a daily wanderer in the woods, had stood for hours together by the stepping-stones, and warbled "fair France" till he was weary. Now, however, his disappointment was forgotten ; for the sweet voice that had lured him to the grove again sounded on his ear, and again his heart thrilled at the echo of "fair France!"—That night, for the first time, Marie wept bitterly, when she remembered her mother's dying wish.

Passing over three long summer days, their light and their shadow, I would again turn to the hermitage. I do not mean the sweet cottage inhabited by the living, but yon gray ruin, with its ivy garlands, and flaunting wild

flowers, whose days of habitation have long since departed. Is it not a splendid sight? There is the setting sun shining on its broken arches, and niches, and miniature spires, that sparkle like diamonds, and on its wimpling rivulet, that sparkles yet brighter, and on every green leaf, and on every blade of grass in the cool meadows so lazily stretched out in the distance. There is the singing of birds, and the hum of bees, and the scent of a thousand flowers, and the murmur of many dancing rills that run into the river. It is indeed a heavenly mingling of sight and sound, and cold must be the heart that cannot read Nature's invitation to come forward and wander in her pleasant ways.

And what could Marie do? Henri pleaded. Her own heart, too, spoke the same language—why, then, should her words be different? Had she not sufficiently endeavored to freeze his animation into coldness? Had she not thrice refused to see him, on the plea of indisposition? Again, was he not a countryman, a friend? Had they not read together, and sung together? Was he not high-minded and eloquent? Could she then refuse him this slight favor? She felt that it would be impossible, and at last confessed that it *was* a beautiful evening for a walk. So, a-walking they went. But the glorious shining of the sun on the old ruins invited their gaze, and they stood still to admire the scene that I have attempted to describe.

Their silence was broken by many low words of sad meaning; Marie intended to answer them in a gay tone, but somehow the sadness of her companion bewildered her;—her voice trembled, and fearing she knew not what, she turned homeward. But Henri was by her side;—his heart was in his words—and Marie was compelled to hear him. Oh, how gladly she would have restrained herself, and wept in her own chamber! but she could not; and when she passed thence, it was with a foreboding feeling that she had parted from her pleasant companion for ever. In a few days, General Lanilla, and the Marquis de la Lisne, Marie's affianced, arrived at the hermitage; and in due time the day was appointed for the nuptials. The dreaded morn at last dawned. It was dull and cheerless, the wind howled and the rain fell, the tall trees of the grove wailed. But not of these things thought Marie, as she sat by the low red fire in her own chamber. The iron of the past was in her soul; for she wept bitterly, and muttered strange words to herself.

"If I had but spoken," she said, "it would never have come to this, never—never!—but now it is too late, too late!" and pressing her hands convulsively over her heart, she wept, yet more bitterly than before. She was interrupted by the entrance of nurse.

"You are up early, my darling," said the old lady, affectionately.

"Am I not always up early?" returned Marie, attempting to smile.

The old lady looked on the unsoiled bed, and shook her head dubiously. "Come, come," she said, "you must be a woman to-day; only think how great you will be—how rich—"

"And how happy!" interrupted Marie, hysterically; "you have forgotten how happy I shall be at the great chateau, where everybody is dull—and old—and—and——"

"And good, and kind," returned nurse. "Oh, Marie! Marie! trust me, you will yet live to love the Marquis;—but dear, dear! how hot your poor brow is! your hands too! what in the world can be the matter with my darling?"

With some difficulty, Marie succeeded in calming the terrors of the old lady; after which, ashamed of the passion she had displayed, she quietly suffered herself to be decked for the bridal. In good time, she entered the gates of the old church at Burnwater, and never, perhaps, had fairer bride passed through its portals. She proceeded up the dun aisle with a dry eye and a firm step. Her calmness, however, was of short duration. The sun suddenly breaking through the thick clouds that had hitherto overshadowed him, and lighting up the old walls with extraordinary brilliancy, discovered to her a dark figure retreating from the altar. A feeling of suffocation rose in her breast; she trembled like a reed, and with difficulty gained

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the altar. The service, however, commenced. As the preacher proceeded, his voice faltered, it grew inaudible, it ceased; and half closing his book, he extended his hand towards Marie. But it was too late, she had fainted, —and at the same moment, and simultaneously with the rush of her assembled friends, Henri Verdun pressed forward, and knelt beside her. “My child! my child!” now shrieked the distracted father.

“Marie!” exclaimed the bewildered Marquis.

“Marie! Marie!” echoed every anxious voice. But to describe the confusion, the agony of the scene, would be impossible. The senseless girl was borne to the stone porch by Henri, who, from time to time, passionately called upon her to speak to him. But his wild exclamations remained unanswered by the object of his earnest solicitude; who, cold and senseless, lay in his arms more like the newly-finished statue of the sculptor, than one whom the breath of life had so recently animated. Suddenly, the Marquis started back, and gazed earnestly at Henri.

“Do I dream?”—he said, “do I dream?—can it be Henri—Henri Verdun?”

He received no answer. It was not until a considerable time had elapsed, that, in the Marquis, Henri discovered his uncle—the rich relative before alluded to.

Marie’s life was despaired of for many weeks. Eventually, however, she was restored to the almost broken-

hearted watchers, when many long explanations that had before taken place between Henri and his uncle, were again renewed.

It appeared that the latter had apprised his nephew of his intended marriage, but the letter containing the announcement having been misdirected, had never been received. Hence Henri's ignorance. After parting with Marie, he had quitted Burnwater, as he imagined, forever; but impelled by some indescribable feeling that drew him to the spot, he had once more returned. The result has already been made known. Other and more important results succeeded. The Marquis positively refused to make Marie his bride. "Nay!" he said, "for I am an old man, and my best affections have long been in the grave;—my remaining ones are towards my adopted children;—their hearts are towards each other;—who then shall come between them?"

Three months after, Marie was the happy bride of Henri Verdun, and fair France was her home.

A MATCH OF AFFECTION.

BY MRS. ARDY.

WELL, my daughter is married, the popular prints
Are full of her blushes, her blonde, and her beauty;
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
That my poor, timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, mammon, and pride,
And the evils attending a worldly connection;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride!
She always was bent on a Match of Affection.

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
At the mention of settlements how was she troubled!
Sir Nicholas offered two thousand a-year,
But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled:
Still she clung to her home, still her eyelids were wet,
But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
And she sighed her consent to a Match of Affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage—

A mansion in London, a seat in the North,
A service of plate, and a separate carriage :
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand ;
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection ;
A box at the opera waits her command,—
What comforts abound in a Match of Affection !

Some thought Captain Courtly had won her young heart ;
He certainly haunted our parties last season :
Encouragement, also, she seemed to impart,
But sober and quiet esteem was the reason ;
When wooed to become a rich Baronet's wife,
The Captain received a decided rejection,
"She should hope as a friend to retain him through life,
But she just had agreed to a Match of Affection."

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to three-score,
That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamor ;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
That he never hears reason, and never speaks grammar ;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction ;
And dear Emma, though many her taste may deem odd,
Would have died had we thwarted her Match of Affec-
tion.

DONNA ISABELLA,

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

AMONG the nobles who suffered most from the invasion of Portugal, and who followed John VI. across the Atlantic, in search of a safer home in another hemisphere, was the Marquess de Gonsalva. He had married a young and lovely woman to whom he was tenderly attached. She suffered much at the separation from her home and family, and her health failed under the fatigue and privation of the voyage: she had scarcely reached Brazil, ere she died, in giving birth to a son.

The Marquess remained a widower, devoting himself to the care of his child, and the reparation of his ruined fortune.

Alonzo was a fine, generous-spirited boy; grateful and affectionate in his disposition, and very handsome in his person; his clear, dark complexion, laughing eyes, and white teeth, were united to a form remarkable for its just

proportions and natural grace. It was on the subject of his education that his father felt most severely the change of his circumstances; he could not afford to send him to Europe, but all the scanty means that Rio de Janeiro supplied, were put in requisition, and in every respect made the most of.

"What a pity it is," thought the good Marquess, "that my boy, who is beyond all doubt the finest and most talented boy in the country, should lose any advantage that *money* could procure. Money, money, where are you to be had!" cried the father, impatiently pacing the room: he suddenly stopped, and appeared for a full half hour wrapped in thought; then, starting from his reverie, ordered his horse, rode in great haste to the convent of —, had a long conference with his sister the Abbess, returned home, declined an invitation to a ball, and wrote letters the remainder of the evening.

A large and important looking packet was addressed to a Portuguese merchant, well known as a man of great wealth, at St. Paul's. About the time an answer might be expected, the Marquess became anxious and impatient: it arrived at length; Alonzo took it to his father, who shut himself up in his room to read it.

Presently, Alonzo was called: "my boy," said the Marquess, rubbing his hands in great glee; "how would you like to be *married*?" Alonzo was just turned seventeen, and therefore answered without a moment's he-

sitation, "Very much indeed, sir?"—and as he spoke, the bright eyes of Donna Clara, the little peeping foot of Donna Julia, and the separate perfections of half a dozen other Donnas, glanced in delightful confusion across his mind. "Then married you shall be," replied his father: "sit down, my son; I have an important communication to make. I need not inform you that we have lost almost the whole of our property, with but very little hope of regaining it;—in fact, we are *very* poor. I wish you to go to Europe, and for the next few years to have every advantage that travel, study, and an introduction to the first society can give. I wish you, in short, to take your station in the world—that station for which your birth and talents so eminently fit you; but this wish cannot be accomplished without *money*; and money, as we are situated, cannot be procured, except by—marriage." A pause; the blood receded from the cheek of Alonzo, but, bowing his head, he replied: "I understand you, sir." The Marquess proceeded: "Senhor Josef Mendez owes his rise of life to my father, and much also to me; he is, as you well know, considered the richest individual in Brazil: he has only one child, a daughter, the sole inheritor of his wealth. I have proposed a marriage between you and her, frankly offering the fair barter of rank on one side for wealth on the other. I believed it to be the secret wish of his heart that his daughter should be ennobled by marriage; gratitude unites with pride, and

he has accepted my offer with the utmost eagerness. It is arranged that we instantly proceed to St. Paul's, where the ceremony will take place—from thence you start for England. My worthy friend, Mr. Mordaunt, will meet you at Falmouth. I write to him by this next packet, offering him so handsome an income, that I have no doubt whatever he will become your tutor, guide, and companion, during your five years of travel and study. At the expiration of that time, you will return to your home, and friends—your bride, and father. I pray only that I may not be snatched away before that happy moment arrives;—I shall then die in peace!” The father and son embraced with emotion. “But—” said Alonzo, hesitatingly; “but—the lady, sir?” “True—the lady,” replied the Marquess: “why—your *lady* is but a child at present, she has not yet completed her thirteenth year, and I regret to say (the Marquess tried to look grave) her health is considered delicate; however, in all that personally regards *her*, I confess I am rather deficient in information.”

Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alonzo, who was a universal favorite, took leave of all his young friends with a heavy heart; they merely knew he was going to St. Paul's, and from thence to Europe; his intended marriage was a secret.

His last visit was to his aunt, the Abbess. “May the saints protect you, son of my brother!” cried the good

lady: "Alonzo, thou art the last support and representative of our ancient and noble house;—blessed be the chance that brings it back to wealth and independence! But remember, Alonzo, thou takest upon thee a duty most delicate and most difficult towards the hand that bestows these blessings. There is no good in this world without its attendant evil; may thy golden chains lie lightly on thee!"

They embarked, and in a few days reached St. Paul's. They were met on board by Senhor Josef, a little elderly man, shrewd and active—with a long queue, cocked-hat, brown dresscoat, and flowered waistcoat. His joy and pride were almost too great for words; and, for once in his life, natural feeling swept away his whole routine of compliment—which is saying a great deal for an old Portuguese.

The house of Senhor Josef was situated in the centre of the town, and was not at all distinguished from its neighbors, either in its outside or inside appearance; comfort had made less progress here than even at Rio. A heavy, dull-looking building, with large whitewashed rooms, a few of them only matted; rows of old-fashioned chairs ranged round the wall, or projecting in two stiff rows from the ends of a venerable-looking sofa; a couple of small tables, to match, looked at each other from exactly opposite sides, and were ornamented with artificial flowers somewhat faded, in vases; a French clock in a

glass case, old, massive, silver candlesticks, with candles ready to light, decorated with wreaths of white cut paper; —such was the appearance of the grand *sala* of the wealthiest man in Brazil.

They were met at the entrance by a little, dark, fat, good-humored Senhora, arrayed in stiff flowered satin, whom Senhor Josef introduced as his sister Theresa. She gave Alonzo a hearty smack on each cheek, and led him into the sala, where presently a small table was brought in, by two neatly dressed black damsels, covered with cakes and very fine fruit. While Alonzo was paying his compliments to these delicacies, the two fathers were talking apart: "The ship sails to-morrow," said the Marquess: "it is very soon," and he sighed; "but, as you observe, we had better not lose the opportunity."

"Much better not," replied Senhor Josef; "every thing is arranged; license from the bishop, the priest, and the witnesses; all can be completed in an hour from this time."

"And your daughter?"

"Why, my lord, you know Isabella is but a child, and a sickly child; she has been sadly spoiled and petted; and, in consequence of her ill health, and my numerous avocations, her education has been somewhat neglected; however, we must begin to make up for lost time."

"Well, Senhor," said the Marquess, with a sort of effort, "the sooner the business is finished the better."

Senhor Josef whispered to his sister, and they both left the room. The Marquess then informed Alonzo that the ceremony would take place instantly, and that to-morrow he would leave for Europe. The Marquess also thought it prudent to prepare his son for the appearance of his bride, and, after having repeated what her father had stated, he continued: "Promise me, Alonzo, to conceal as much as possible any unfavorable emotion she may excite; remember we have set our fate upon this cast!"

"We have, indeed, sir!" said Alonzo, gravely; "but the sacrifice is great." By this expression, Alonzo did not mean that he or his rank was sacrificed, although his more worldly father put this interpretation on his words; no—the natural integrity, and yet unsullied freshness of his youthful feelings, told him that he was selling his honor and independence, and, what youth prizes so much in perspective, free choice in his wedded love.

They retired to their separate half-furnished bed-rooms to make some alteration in their dress; which was scarcely completed when a request arrived that they would meet Senhor Josef in his private room. Thither they went, and found him with a notary, a priest, and two witnesses. A deed was handed over to the Marquess to read, by which a very handsome settlement was made on his son; the Marquess expressed his gratitude, and Alonzo kissed the hand of his new father; the deed was signed and sealed, and copies put in their possession. Senhor

Josef's will was next read, in which, after providing for his sister, and bequeathing to her the only house he had (their present residence), the rest of his immense fortune he settled exclusively on his daughter. He also expressed his intention to make all fixed and sure by winding up his mercantile concerns before the return of Alonzo; but no land would he purchase; he was aware that a large hereditary estate in Portugal belonged by right to the Marquess, which in all probability he would possess in peace before he died.

These interesting arrangements being completed, the party were requested to proceed to the oratory, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Both the father and son felt sad misgivings on the subject of the bride herself, and it was with a throbbing heart that Alonzo, especially, approached the oratory; his father, yet apprehensive of the final events, whispered emphatically, "Senor Josef has performed his part nobly;—oh, my son! for *my* sake struggle to support yours." Alonzo pressed his father's hand, but his heart was too full to answer.

Although the day shone brightly through the arched and small-paned windows of the oratory, it was, as usual in catholic chapels on occasions of ceremony, lighted with a great number of huge wax candles, which produced a most disagreeable effect. Two rows of slaves, male and female, were drawn up on each side; the priest and wit-

nesses took their stations, as did Alonzo and the Marquess. Senhor Josef had gone for his sister and daughter.

A few painful minutes elapsed. At length, a scuffle was heard in the passage, and "*Non quero! non quero!*" was shrieked out by a weak but shrill female voice. A moment afterwards, Senhor Josef appeared with his sister, actually dragging in a thin, dark, lanky form, that was making all the opposition it was capable of, by biting, scratching, and screaming. The father and aunt were assisted by four young mulatto females, whose disordered white dresses, and flowers falling from their heads, showed but too clearly in what desperate service they had been engaged. The girl herself was dressed in thickly-worked Indian muslin, trimmed with rich lace, but which, according to the Portuguese taste, was nearly as yellow as her own complexion; in her ears, and round her neck, were clumsily set diamonds, of great value; her hair they had attempted to dress in vain, and it fell over her shoulders, long, straight, and black. Anger and mortification were deeply impressed on the countenances of her father and aunt; and all present looked dismayed. But poor Alonzo! his blood ran cold; he actually sickened—and nothing but the imploring look of his father prevented him rushing from the oratory. When fairly placed in the centre of the circle, the girl shook herself free, and threw back her disordered hair; she was panting with rage and exertion evidently beyond her strength; she

glanced first on the Marquess, and then turned her eyes steadily on Alonzo. Every one was wondering what would happen next; when to their surprise and relief, after a long and childish stare, she stepped up quietly and placed herself beside him. The priest, who knew her well, lost not the favorable moment, and instantly commenced the service. She went through it with perfect composure, every now and then turning round to look at her companion. Once did Alonzo raise his eyes to meet hers—but *his* fell, as if avoiding the gaze of a basilisk: he visibly shrunk, as he touched her cold and skinny hand—in short, he could not conceal the agony he suffered. Nevertheless, the ceremony came to its conclusion, and with a sort of convulsive effort he turned to salute his bride. But she had already reached the door (no one thought proper to prevent her)—there she stopped, and once again fixed her very large, black, and fearfully brilliant eyes upon Alonzo; their expression was changed, it was no longer the same as at the altar; but what that expression was, Alonzo, though haunted by it for years after, could never make out.

The party left the oratory. The Marquess was the first to recover his composure, and conversed freely on indifferent topics until dinner was announced. Senhora Theresa made an apology for her niece, who, she said, was too unwell to join them. They sat down to a repast

more abundant than elegant; and the gloom quickly disappeared from every countenance but one.

In the evening, the fathers had a long conference over their coffee; and Alonzo, availing himself of the excuse his intended early embarkation provided, retired for the night to his chamber.

After a light and hurried breakfast on the following morning, he prepared to depart. The Senhora expressed her deep regret that Isabella was not sufficiently recovered, after the agitating scene of the preceding day, to take leave of him personally; but—and the good Senhora was proceeding with a string of apologies, when Alonzo impatiently interrupted her by placing in her hand a morocco case, containing a set of pink topaz, of the latest London fashion, which he had brought from Rio as a present for his bride. He mumbled something about the Senhora presenting it in his name, as it appeared he could not have the honor of offering it himself. Away went the aunt with her prize, and returned in a few minutes with a ring, containing one deep yellow diamond, of value enough to purchase a dozen of his pink topaz sets, and this was given with many fine speeches from his bride, made up by the Senhora with the felicity of her sex on such occasions.

After receiving the blessing of his new relatives, he went on board, accompanied by the Marquess, who took leave of him with the greatest affection; giving him, of

course, much wise counsel, mixed with the heartiest congratulations on his good fortune; but not one word was breathed, by either, concerning her who was at once the maker and marrer of all,—the rivet to those golden links, without which, indeed, they would have lain lightly enough. The Marquess was a man of much tact; he felt that anything he could say on this delicate subject *must* be wrong.

A few weeks brought Alonzo to Falmouth, where he was met by Mr. Mordaunt, his tutor. They proceeded together to the continent, where it was arranged they should spend three years in travel and study; the two remaining years were to be devoted entirely to England.

Mr. Mordaunt was admirably calculated for the office assigned to him, and soon became affectionately attached to his pupil.

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy were visited. The study of the best authors in each language; that of the history, government, manufactures, and works of art of each country; together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men—all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time, he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals—but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's mar-

riage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquess. In the first letter Alonzo received from his aunt the Abbess, were these words: "The only chance you have of domestic *peace* (happiness is perhaps out of the question), in your peculiar circumstances, is to *guard your heart* with the most vigilant care; if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you, again and again—*guard your heart!*" This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to the last sentence, said, emphatically, "let that be your watchword."

During his residence on the continent, his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent, to allow of his affections being at any time in danger. And, besides the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the reverend Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that lightly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that, if ever he *loved*, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him—fatally.

At the appointed time they arrived in England; and a year and a half had been passed with the highest advantage and improvement, in traveling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six

months they were to spend in London; and, alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt appeared to be thrown off his guard, approached; and the god of love was, as a poet would say, amply avenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in profaning the sacred band of Hymen.

Alonzo was at the opera with his friend, the Brazilian *Chargé d'Affaires*. He thought, as he looked round, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the sex showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the chargé attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction; he looked, also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women he thought he had ever seen; there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, style, and dress, which marked her as a foreigner. "Who is that?" said he to the chargé; "she looks French or Spanish."

"Neither," said the chargé, exultingly; "she is one of us—Brazilian!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alonzo, in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

"Have you not heard of her?" asked his friend: "she is called *the beautiful Brazilian*, and is the novelty of the

season, making sad havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her.

"What is her name?"

"Donna Viola de Montezuma."

"The name is noble," observed Alonzo, "but I do not recollect it at Rio."

"Her family is settled in the north of Brazil; she, herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite, to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be *engaged* in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you."

"If you please;"—and away they went.

The chargé first introduced Alonzo to the Countess, and then presented him as a fellow-countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

"I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo," said she, "if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt, the Abbess, in whose convent I have been some time a resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother—indeed, I owe her *very* much."

"Her love and care, at least, seem to have been well bestowed," replied Alonzo: "did you also know my father?"

"Intimately; and I may also venture to say that I

know *you*, so much have I heard of you from the Marquess and your aunt. I am sure no son or nephew was ever more beloved."

Alonzo sighed, as he recollected that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters; the reason was obvious—and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance—glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her lively and natural remarks—then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as carelessly as he could, his introduction of the preceding evening.

"I have heard of that lady," observed Mr. Mordaunt. "She is a good specimen of your countrywomen,—does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged."

"She is really then engaged?" inquired Alonzo.

"Decidedly—to a Portuguese nobleman; this has been published as much as possible, to keep lovers at a distance."

"Well," thought Alonzo, "as *she* is engaged, and I married, there *can* be no danger;" and that very evening (for the lady, he understood, was not permitted to receive morning visitors) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprang up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station in a

foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many a happy moment did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whist. But never, in his eyes, was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in *their* own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear; the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them; although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was *his* eye only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators: "The two Brazilians—an interesting couple, are they not?"

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing, she returned to the side of the Countess, or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except when so accompanied, and she never re-

ceived any visitor except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him), although he frequently suffered by them.

"Guard your heart!" conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped—but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security: he tried to watch even his very eyes; he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well that the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion; but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite so sure that he deceived Viola.

Time glided by unheeded: the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt observed, "Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. "So soon! can it be possible!"

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's; the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. "What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?" inquired Viola: "you are a little absent—out of spirits this evening."

"I ought not to be so," said Alonzo, trying to rally,

"for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home."

"Indeed!" said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed; certainly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired; while looking at them Alonzo observed, that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendor of her jewels.

"How comes it," said she, "that I never see *you* wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations."

"I assure you," said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, "Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond, of great value."

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied, in a bitter, sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him: "Yes, I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I never wish to see, or to show to any one else."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. "Draw your card, my lady, if you please," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Check!" cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long upturned lashes, were fixed on his. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine. The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her, as usual, by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

"Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?"

"Really; and *you*, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?"

"I go to Portugal."

"And *there*?" said Alonzo, in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, there *we* shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence."

"Then we shall meet again," said Alonzo, eagerly.

"I hope so—I dare say, in a few months."

"Well, that is some comfort!"—and he seemed to respire more freely; then, after a pause: "but I shall never again meet *Viola*!"

"But Viola, Don Alonzo," she replied, firmly, "will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend."

"Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray do not speak another word to me just now." He placed her in her seat, and, without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of

Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken, and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. "You are come to take leave of Donna Viola," said her ladyship.

"No, I am not; I am come to take leave of *you* (for I also am on the eve of quitting London), and to thank you for all your kind attention."

"But why not of Viola?" said the Countess; "she will be so disappointed."

"It is better I should not."

"But what am I to say to her?" inquired she.

"Precisely what I have just said—that it is better I should not."

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought; and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with

his father, and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns, too, he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet; the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but without speaking, threw open the door of the after-cabin—he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading; the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue

before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, "Don Alonzo!"

"Viola!" said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: "Viola!" (the word seemed to choke him,) "I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me!"

"Alonzo," she asked, in a tremulous voice, "are you free?"

"I am not *irrevocably* bound."

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, "Then I must tell you, that *I am*. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged—*I am married*. But stay!" she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication—"stay!—one moment!—Alonzo!—I beseech you!"

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel; he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and everybody and everything that impeded his way to his cabin, where, locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break, the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped

in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching, with gloomy composure, the Lisbon packet getting under weigh; she soon began to move—a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel—when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation; his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept: “She loves me!”—that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart: “She loves me!—and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!”

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. “Alonzo,” he said, “I have been sadly to blame—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note,” putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. “Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for *my* sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet

again—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame!—Viola.”

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame: he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. “I am told,” he said, “that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times.” At this intelligence, Alonzo’s heart bounded with secret joy: he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyze his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbor, Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf: it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains; this too was passed, and the harbor of Rio appeared. Great political changes

had taken place, and the Imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them; in the afternoon, they visited the good, kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children, had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court;—in short, for two or three days, he had not leisure even to *look* melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications), his father informed him that, in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected, with her father and aunt. "I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo (I say *temporary*, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe); and the furnishing and arranging this residence, has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection,

we will ride to see it this afternoon." "If you please, sir," was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained tables for needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian: there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

"Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?" asked Alonzo, with a sarcastic smile. "She is, I believe, very fond of it," quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden, about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately

trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of “auld lang syne,” of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands—society and study—were all tried, and in vain: every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess; with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood; she would sit opposite to him, employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking; this was just what he liked. One afternoon, he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlor; he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

“Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you.”

“To send for me?” repeated he, listlessly.

“Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you.”

“A friend of mine!”

“You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?”

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

“Viola, did you say!—Donna Viola!—recollect her!—what of her?—what of her?”

“She has become a widow.”

“Go on!”

“She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you.”

“I am ready,” said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. “This is too—*too* much!” he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlor with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him; it was Viola, in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and pressed it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. “Alonzo,” she said, in the kindest and most soothing tone, “I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and I fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the

greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection *for me* were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo—”

He hastily interrupted her: “I will promise nothing—nothing! Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing.”

Viola sighed. “Well,” she resumed, “I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not. I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doating father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of *me*. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes; *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence.”

She disappeared;—he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought. At length, a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that, in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them. He would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they

had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. "If," he exclaimed, "she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take;—she will—she must take it—and I shall become free and happy!"

Full of this thought, he left the convent; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy. He saw but one objection to the attempt; if Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point; glad, at all events, that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height

and airiness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in; a spy-glass was fixed here, to which, of late, the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scenes just described, the Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship. "Is she near the fort?"—"here she comes"—"she is abreast of it"—"now for it!" and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half-whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, "Thank heaven, there they are at last!" and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

"Well," thought Alonzo, "I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it;" and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away; a note was then brought to him from the Marquess: "Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have arrived, and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore, between seven and eight, Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door."

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed *en grande toilette*; and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he

would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. "I am glad to see you are quite ready," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered; the door closed, and they drove off.

"You have seen Donna Isabella?" inquired Alonzo.

"Yes, I have," was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

"Certainly," said Alonzo firmly—and, no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination; with a throbbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala*, brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess, with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

"She waits for you in her garden-room," replied the Marquess. Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room; the door was ajar, he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moonbeams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favorable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. "Donna Isabella, I believe;"—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. "Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both; permit me to lead you to a seat." He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly, she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his

feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while, with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

“Alonzo, can you forgive me?” It was Viola!

“Can you forgive me, for all the deception I have practiced, and caused others to practice? May the prize I strove for—my husband’s heart—plead my excuse! I know it will!”

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not, and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that—*that wife was Viola*.

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all crept softly along the passage: “May we come in?”

“Come in,” said Alonzo; the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar, had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon.

Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attend ill-health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board; the look she then gave, and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

"And you, my grave and worthy tutor," said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, "did *you* join in this powerful league against me?"

"I confess," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so that, on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this op-

portunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it."

"Alas, for my vehemence!" exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess. "And you too, my dear aunt—you too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day."

"May Our Lady grant me absolution," replied the good Abbess, devoutly, "for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!"

"Supper! supper!" cried out the Marquess, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her, as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight)—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircled the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

SONNET.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

OH! were I spiritual as the wafting wind,
Which breathes its sighing music through the wood,
Sports with the dancing leaves, and crimps the flood;
Then would I glide away from cares which bind
Down unto haunts that taint the healthful mind;
And I would sport with many a bloom and bud,
Happiest the farthest from the neighborhood,
And from the crimes and miseries of mankind!
Then would I waft me to the cowslip's bell;
And to the wild-rose should my voyage be;
Unto the lily, vestal of the dell;
Or daisy, the pet-child of poesy;
Or be, beside some mossy forest-well,
Companion to the wood anemone!

THE PAINTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

OUR devoted regard to the fairer sex, would naturally dispose us to exert our best faculties of portraiture, our utmost skill in drawing and coloring, in order to present to the reader the heroine of our tale. That she was a *rara avis*, not in this lower and breathing world of realities, but in the world of romance, we can adduce no more satisfactory evidence than the fact of her having her fair and full share of the faults which are the inheritance of humanity. Beautiful, to a degree beyond the power even of the most gifted artist to describe to the eye, she certainly was,—if the elements of beauty be a brow to which a phrenologist would bow with doting homage, an eye for which the fire-worshipper would abandon the god of his idolatry, and a form which would convince Phidias himself of the folly of endeavoring to perpetuate in marble what His hand hath been pleased to create of that frailer and more perishable material—clay.

Caroline Marston had been left an orphan in infancy, and thus had never been conscious of the care of a parent. The gentleman to whose guardianship she had been bequeathed, had, as respected both her person and her property, acquitted himself affectionately and conscientiously of his trust; having taken her under his own roof from the moment that her last surviving parent resigned her to his charge; while he had so husbanded her little property, that, before she attained her majority, she was rendered independent of the world—that is to say, relieved from the necessity of embracing any of the few professions to which well-educated females are but too frequently compelled to resort for a livelihood.

The society to which, through the connections of her guardian, Mr. Wentworth, she became introduced, embraced some of the first families in the county; and thus, exclusively of the natural grace of her manner, she had acquired the ease and polish which mark the well-bred young woman. And yet, setting aside her personal attractions, which, as we have already stated, were of no common order, Caroline Marston, at the period at which we first made her acquaintance, was not very distinguished, nor altogether a favorite, in the circle in which she moved. There was a nonchalance, nay, a kind of indolence in her habit, which argued little intellectual energy. True it is, she was a great reader; but, as far as the result was concerned, it was impossible to conjecture to which of the

many descriptions of readers she belonged. We remember, in the days of our boyhood, once to have attended a lecture on the Belles Lettres, delivered by one whose eloquence made an impression on our memory, which time, we believe, will never efface; we allude to Coleridge, who with great quaintness, but equal truth, reduced readers to four classes. One he compared to an hour-glass; for what they read, he alleged, ran in, and ran out, and left not a grain behind. Another class he likened to a jelly-bag, which retained all that was gross and foul, suffering all that was pure and valuable to escape. For a third description he found a parallel in a sponge, which absorbed everything, and gave it back again, only a little dirtier. The fourth and last order, however, he compared to the slaves working in the mines of Golconda, who cast aside all that was worthless, and retained only the pure gem.

We know not in which of these classes to assign a place to our heroine; she read much, but to what purpose we must leave to be gathered from our brief and imperfect sketch of her history.

Mr. Wentworth was a good man, and very fond of his ward, but withal prudent and far-casting; and thus it was with no slight degree of uneasiness that he observed an unequivocal attachment on the part of his youngest son for Caroline Marston; while he had reasons, amounting almost to conviction, to conclude that the feeling was reciprocal. Now Mr. Wentworth, although possessing an

unincumbered estate, and holding a prominent position in his county, was not a rich man. His family was large, and his landed property being entailed, he had not much to spare in starting his younger sons in the world. Henry Wentworth, the youngest, had been well educated, but, whether from indecision on his own part, or his father's, had arrived at years of discretion without having chosen, or been urged to choose a profession. He was a man of great animal spirits, gentlemanly manners, kind, and open-hearted, and, withal, possessed of a face and figure which might well draw a second look from the most fastidious belle in the county.

That Mr. Wentworth should regard with apprehension an attachment of a serious character between Henry and Caroline, must not be referred altogether to worldly feelings, when it is considered that her income, not more than sufficient to support herself in respectability, would afford but a scanty provision in the event of her union with one to whom he could give little or nothing, and for whom he, when too late, regretted he had not sought a profession. Direct interference between the young people, he was man-of-the-world enough to feel, would be worse than useless; he therefore resorted to the interest which he happened to possess, to procure for Henry an appointment abroad, and thus remove him from attractions which were likely to prove so detrimental to his worldly prosperity.

Now it happened that Henry, with plenty of time on

his hands, a good horse at his command, and Caroline Marston to make love to, was eminently satisfied with matters as they were; and if anything could induce him to abandon the agreeable monotony of his life, it would have been a commission in a crack regiment. Thus it will be very readily imagined that he did not receive with exuberant joy his father's announcement of his having applied to an influential East India director for a writership, which, he added, as a matter of course, Henry would be but too happy to accept.

Overwhelmed with consternation, Henry Wentworth hastened to pour out his grief at the feet of his lady-love, who, whatever graver emotions she might indulge on the occasion, was by no means disposed to part from the playmate of her childhood and the companion of her youth.

Accordingly, sympathizing heartily in his feelings, and anxious to avert a catastrophe so fatal to the happiness of one of them, at least, she promised to exert the little influence she possessed with her guardian in order to induce him to abandon the project. We have said that Caroline exhibited an indolence of disposition—a repugnance to exertion of any kind; but of all things, as she openly avowed, she hated “a scene,” and thus her affection for Henry may be held to have been of no ordinary intensity, since it compelled her to broach this somewhat delicate subject to her guardian.

I should premise, that the apprehensions entertained by Mr. Wentworth, of an "untoward" match on the part of his son, had never altered his deportment towards his ward, who had always treated him with an affectionate familiarity, which the natural kindness of his heart induced him rather to encourage than repress.

"And so, sir," she said to him one day, while they were walking together in the park which surrounded the old-fashioned manorial residence, "you are going to send poor Henry abroad?"

"True, Caroline," was the reply; "he has been too long idle, and it is time that he look to some means of maintenance; for, as a younger son, you know, he has little to expect when Providence shall remove me. What objection have you to it, that you look so sorrowful on the occasion?"

"Simply, that the thought of it makes Henry very miserable; and, indeed, I think it very cruel," rejoined the maiden.

"Caroline," said Mr. Wentworth, after a short pause, "I will be candid with you, and I am sure that a girl of your sense will take what I am about to say in good part, particularly as I impute blame on the occasion to none but myself. I ought to have foreseen the attachment to which a residence under the same roof was likely to give rise; an attachment, apparent enough on one side, which, with reference to your respective circumstances in life,

cannot but be destructive of the happiness of each, and therefore I have resolved on sending him abroad."

"Really, sir," retorted Caroline, with unwonted animation, "I must solemnly protest against a doctrine which makes love for me a transportable offence. I desire votaries, but not victims; and if your bill once pass into a law, I shall not have a worshiper at my shrine."

"My dear," said Mr. Wentworth, "I do not jest, nor does it become you to do so, or rather to affect it, on such a subject."

"Indeed, sir," was the reply, "I was never more in earnest in my life; and I do hope that you will pause before you commit your son to a pursuit in life to which he has an unconquerable repugnance."

"Caroline, be honest," rejoined her guardian, "and acknowledge that you plead not for him alone. Your own heart will tell you—"

"Nay," said the damsel, evading so close an application of the argument, "I never ask my heart any questions, for I have no reliance whatever on its replies."

The conversation, much, we believe, to the relief of the young lady, was here interrupted; for, emerging from a clump of trees, through which they had been walking, they came suddenly upon a stranger, who appeared to be engaged in making a sketch, in which the mansion was a prominent feature. The artist rose as the others approached him, and apologizing for what he feared might

be a trespass on their privacy, was about to shift his quarters. Mr. Wentworth, however, somewhat flattered perhaps by his domain having been made the subject of the sketch, politely begged that he would not disturb himself, and finally requested a sight of his portfolio, alleging that his fair companion took some interest in the art.

The stranger was a young man, about five-and-twenty, rather above the middle height, of a complexion rather embrowned by the sun than naturally dark, for when he removed his hat, his high and expansive forehead was as white and smooth as marble, contrasting agreeably with the deep auburn hair that curled luxuriantly around it.

The artist submitted his portfolio to their inspection readily enough; but Caroline thought that there was an air of indifference in his manner of doing it, which indicated that either he thought little of his performances, or set small store by their opinion of them. Whether Mr. Wentworth was really a judge of their excellence, or that, as we before hinted, his self-love was gratified by the nature of the subject, I know not, but certain it is, that he invited the stranger up to the mansion; an invitation, however, which, although courteously acknowledged, was declined; and immediately afterwards the painter, gathering up his materials, put his portfolio under his arm, and, with a slight bow, passed the confines of the

park, and entered a small cottage on the opposite side of the high-road.

Induced by curiosity to make some inquiries regarding his new acquaintance, Mr. Wentworth gleaned that he had been a sort of lodger in the widow's cottage for a week or two previous to the meeting we have described; that he occupied two rooms, lived plainly, almost abstemiously, paid the rent and all other demands upon him with scrupulous exactness, and had greatly attached his hostess by the quiet urbanity of his manner, and his repugnance to giving trouble; the latter, perhaps, being one of the most prominent characteristics of the true gentleman. This affability extended even to the rustics who accidentally visited his paintings; to one of whom, pleased with the fidelity of one of his sketches, he explained it in quite a lively style.

By degrees, the apparently natural coldness of the stranger's manner yielded to the desire which Mr. Wentworth evinced for his society, and, on one or two occasions, he passed an hour at the hall; and in the course of conversation, alleged, as the reason of his protracted stay in that part of the country, that he was preparing a series of views for the gallery of a nobleman, the Earl of E——, of whose reputation as a patron of the arts, and particularly of young artists, Mr. Wentworth had often heard.

Thus it happened that a sort of intimacy sprung up between the limner and the Wentworths; and at length

it was not difficult for a keen observer to perceive, even through the frost of the stranger's reserve, that his admiration of the beautiful in Nature was not confined to the inanimate portion of her works. Of this fact Caroline herself became aware, for, as he was turning over the contents of his portfolio in her presence, in quest of a sketch he was desirous of exhibiting, her eye caught a portrait, which, notwithstanding his endeavors to conceal it, she instantly recognized as designed for herself. A flush, arising probably from a mixed feeling of gratification and displeasure, suffused her cheek at the discovery, while in a half-serious, half-playful manner, she said: "I hope that subject is not included in your commission; for, if it be, I must protest against being hanged, even in the good company which grace the gallery of your patron."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the painter, in some confusion, "I fear you will think I have taken a liberty which circumstances do not warrant; but I assure you it was done from memory; and if you will allow me to retain the sketch, I pledge you my word—if you will take the gage of a stranger—that it shall never pass out of my possession."

Whether this assurance quieted the lady's fears, or gratified her vanity, it is not for us to determine; but he was allowed not only to retain the sketch, but afterwards to finish it from the life; "subject," however, as the law-

yers have it, "to the terms, conditions, and stipulations, herein before mentioned."

We will let the reader a little more into our confidence, and inform him that every day of the artist's sojourn in the neighborhood added to the interest he felt in the graceful girl to whom he had been thus accidentally introduced. But while lingering within the spell of her enchantment, he could not disguise from himself the peril to which his future peace of mind was exposed. That she was, if not engaged, warmly attached to young Wentworth, he could have no doubt; and that Henry was affectionately fond of her, was a matter of notoriety; indeed, so far from disguising his feelings on the subject, he appeared to glory in displaying them.

Our painter, it was quite evident, was a man of no ordinary stamp of mind; his reading had been extensive; he had traveled much, and he loved his art to a degree of enthusiasm which was often expressed in language of extraordinary eloquence. He had remarked, on more than one occasion, when he had been descanting on the beauty of a prospect, that the eye of his fair auditor would kindle, and sometimes a flush would come over her cheek, as if she had caught his ardor. Hence he was often betrayed into the hope that, beneath the indolence and listlessness which he had lamented to observe in her character, there might be hidden an energy of soul and

thought, requiring for its development only society of a more intellectual character than that in which she moved.

There is, perhaps, no dearer occupation on earth than cultivating the minds of those we love, and whom we love the more, as we do our garden, as each fresh blossom opens to our eye. That the delight of such a task, in the instance before us, had occurred to our artist, we do not deny; but the thought was ever checked by his reflection on their relative positions. "She is engaged," thought he, "to an amiable, honest-hearted youth, who loves her affectionately in return; and what right have I to interrupt the even course of their happiness by inspiring her with tastes which may open her eyes to his intellectual deficiencies?" The argument was an admirable one, but he found it no easy matter to reduce it to practice; and he often paused in the midst of one of his enthusiastic dissertations, as he observed its effect on his auditor.

It happened one evening that Caroline encountered the painter alone in the park, while he was endeavoring to select a spot from whence to sketch a scene which he had heard her express a wish to see transferred to canvas. At the moment, a part of her dress became entangled in a briar, and the artist stepped hastily forward, with the intention of disengaging it; but, in so doing, his foot slipped into a cart-rut which had been concealed by the overgrowing grass, and, being unable at the moment to withdraw it, he fell on his side, and so severely sprained

his ankle, that he lay without motion on the ground, while a deadly paleness passed over his countenance.

With a shriek, and a bound which left the entangled portion of her dress in the safe custody of the bramble, she was in an instant at his side. The injury, although it did not amount to a dislocation, was attended by such acute agony, that he was unable to articulate a word in answer to her hurried inquiries. Severe, however, as was the pain he endured, the expressions of tenderness which the agitation of the moment extorted from her lips, fell not unregarded on his ears; and when he was so far recovered as to be able to express his acknowledgments, he said:—

“How shall I thank you, Miss Marston, for this sympathy for a stranger?”

“Nay, sir,” rejoined Caroline, with a deep blush as the words in which that sympathy had been conveyed recurred to her memory; “not quite a stranger; and even if you were, the circumstance should not deprive you of the commiseration which so painful an accident must naturally inspire.”

“I shall not regret the result of my clumsiness, Miss Marston, since it has drawn from your lips words which my memory will long treasure.”

Caroline blushed more deeply, and said, hesitatingly, “Really, sir, I am not aware—”

“For pity’s sake recall them not,” exclaimed the painter,

with passionate earnestness; "let me live on in the dear delusion until I am awakened from my dream—a blessed but a brief one—by your marriage bell."

"My marriage bell!" exclaimed the maiden, with some surprise, but with a degree of calmness to which she had in manner forced herself; "What can my marriage bell ever be to you?"

"The knell of my happiness," was the reply.

"Indeed, sir!" returned the lady, "you speak in enigmas, and assuredly appear to have information which, as I am the party chiefly interested, it is a little singular I do not possess myself. Who told you I was about to be married?"

"It is somewhat difficult," said the other, "to individualize one of the hundred tongues of Rumor, which speaks of your union with Mr. Henry Wentworth as a matter settled beyond all doubt."

"I am much indebted to Rumor, then," rejoined Caroline, "for giving to me so excellent and amiable a person, who, notwithstanding, will never be anything more to me than he is at present."

"But he loves you passionately," was the exclamation of the painter, "or I am greatly mistaken."

"He has some such notion himself," said the maiden, with a slight smile; "but you are both wrong. He fancies he sees in me qualities which would constitute his happiness; but he does not know me."

"Indeed!" returned the artist, with unaffected surprise; "then he must have made marvellously bad use of his time; for, if I am rightly informed, you have been known to each other from childhood."

"I do not impugn my friend Henry's quickness of perception," said Caroline; "for long acquaintance does not necessarily involve the knowledge of character: to know a person is one thing, to study him another. Henry and I differ very essentially in many points."

"And yet," was the reply, "I see you joining in the same pursuits, and mingling in the same society."

"Because I have no other society to mingle in," said the maiden. "True it is, the circle in which we move is wealthy, and as respectable as any in the county; but less discernment than I give you credit for, would easily discover that it is not an intellectual society. Do not misunderstand me; I am not a blue-stocking; but I have read other books than novels, and studied other things than quadrilles and gallopades."

"And yet," resumed the artist, "I see you an unconstrained participator in the amusements of the society to which you belong; nor, in your general bearing among your friends, can I recognize any want of sympathy in their tastes."

"You mean to say," returned the lady, "that I do not reply to an inquiry after my health by a quotation from Dante, or solve a question as to the figure of a quadrille,

by a reference to Euclid. To a certain extent, one must trifle among triflers, or be dumb, and consequently disagreeable. You know there is a Latin proverb which I might quote, in support of my maxim. I cannot shut myself up in my chamber for ever, and if I go into society, there is neither reason nor good-nature in confining my conversation to subjects which are interesting only to myself."

A pause ensued in the dialogue; but in that brief interval what new and ecstatic thoughts crowded on the bosom of the painter! The most precious, was the knowledge that she was not betrothed to Henry Wentworth, and that consequently her heart might yet be free. The next "comfortable thought" was, that there was in her heart a well of deep feeling, which, like a fountain in a wood, though overgrown with flowers, and, it may be, some stray weeds, is yet pure and bright beneath.

The nature of his accident was such as to preclude any very rapid progression, nor do we think that, had no such impediment existed, our artist would have felt any disposition to shorten the interview by quickening his pace. New hopes were fluttering at his heart; but, anxious as he was to resolve them into certainties, he yet hesitated to provoke a further explanation, lest those hopes should be changed to despair. They were, notwithstanding the slow pace at which they had walked, getting near to the mansion; the artist, dreading the agony of suspense to

which, if he parted without ascertaining his destiny, he would for some hours be subjected, paused, and said, with a voice which, though somewhat faltering from agitation, had lost none of its full, deep music:—

“Miss Marston, may I hope that the blessed words which so lately fell like balm upon my senses, had yet a deeper source than the occasion which immediately called them forth—nay, hear me; I know that the hope is presumption, but, oh! if you cannot bid me be happy, at least pardon my offence, if offence it be to love you beyond all the treasures which earth can promise, or ambition sigh for.”

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on the face of the lovely being beside him, and saw there agitation and a tear—an expression rather of perplexity than displeasure. There was a strength of character about Caroline, perfectly in unison with feminine softness of heart and manner, that enabled her to rally against the feelings which the address of her companion had excited. Her hand was resting on his arm as he spoke; he ventured to lay his own upon it; it was gently but immediately withdrawn, and with some dignity she replied:—

“Sir, I will not affect to undervalue the attentions which you have been pleased to show me, and I should be unjust did I not acknowledge my gratitude for the respect you have displayed in the rare courage with which you

have told me of my faults; but, as you so lately said—I repeat it not offensively—you are a stranger.”

“I know and bitterly feel it,” was the reply; “and I do not ask you to plight your faith to an unknown, and for any proof that you have to the contrary, it may be, an unworthy man—certainly unworthy of the high boon to which I aspire. Yet am I what I seem—a painter—a poor one, it is true; and all I ask is, that, if I prove to you that my poverty is not coupled with dishonor, you will allow me to encourage the hopes to which your own sweet words have given birth.”

“Admitting that I could do so,” said Caroline, “you have referred to your own poverty, but you have forgotten that I am not rich.”

“Nay,” answered the artist, “I am not mad enough to despise that competence, the absence of which must necessarily embitter any situation in life; but if you will allow me to hope, I shall pursue my profession with an ardor proportionate to the value of the glorious prize to which I aspire; and with the favor of the nobleman, to whom you have heard me allude—and I am not likely to forfeit it—I must succeed.”

As he spoke these words, his fine, manly, and very handsome features were lit up with unwonted animation, and there was an openness and candor in their expression which would have won the confidence of one more chary of giving credence to appearances than Caroline Marston.

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Her reply was, "I have no right to doubt your sincerity, and I do not. More, however, than the probation you ask I cannot grant; I may not encourage you to hope, but I will not bid you despair."

At this period of the conversation they had arrived at the hall, when the painter, declining the cordial invitation of its hospitable owner to pass the rest of the evening with him, returned to his cottage, with feelings of a very different kind from those with which he quitted it. And yet those feelings were of a mixed character. Lovers are certainly most unreasonable beings. He had obtained more than he could expect to gain on first broaching the subject—an acknowledgment that her heart was free—nay, that she was not indifferent to him; and yet he was not satisfied. Through the warp and woof of his joy, there ran certain threads of doubt, which perplexed him greatly, and troubled his dreams.

However, the stimulus imparted by the encouragement he had received induced him, on the following day, to prepare for his departure, in order, doubtless, to commence that professional career, which was to lead him to fame and Caroline Marston.

On his taking leave of Mr. Wentworth, the old gentleman expressed great interest in his future success; adding that he was about to visit London with his ward in the autumn, and should be much gratified by an opportunity of seeing the paintings of those familiar scenes, of which

our artist had made sketches. The other informed him that, by that time, all those which he should be enabled to finish would be in the gallery of the nobleman he had alluded to; but, he continued, drawing a card from his case, it would be only necessary for Mr. Wentworth to present that at the Earl's, to insure admission to himself and any friends he might choose to take with him.

Of course, not having avowed his sentiments to the young lady's friends, our artist could take no other than a formal leave of her; but in doing so, he fancied—and perhaps it was only fancy—that he had never seen her look so sad: of one thing, however, he was certain, namely, that she returned the pressure of his hand at parting; and upon the meagre diet of that assurance, his love luxuriated for the next fortnight.

Well, time flew by, as fly it will, whether we make love or mischief, kiss or quarrel; and the leaves which our anonymous artist—for he had not yet got a name—left green upon the boughs were most of them of another color, and *lying*—as leaves very often do—under the trees. In the mean time, the good folks at the hall had heard nothing of their acquaintance, the painter, to the great marvel and mystification of the old gentleman, who, so exalted was his opinion of our hero's ability, and the beauty of the subjects he had selected, thought, simple man! that London would be ringing with the praises of the scenery of — Park, and the talents of the artist

who had immortalized them on canvas. Whatever were Caroline's thoughts, she kept them to herself, and expressed nothing but her wonder when Mr. Wentworth would put in execution his intention of taking her to London. He, however, who thought more of Joe Mantons and Dartford gunpowder, than of the bow and arrows which symbolize the best shot of heathen or modern times, could not think of quitting the country until after the first week of pheasant-shooting; and thus it happened that it was quite the end of the month sacred to double-barrels and double-ale, before our heroine and her guardian were introduced to the sights, sounds, and smoke of London.

We will, however, do our rural friend the justice to say that, when he had achieved the journey, he was quite as eager as his ward to pay a visit to the gallery in which they were led to suppose they should see the pictures which, as well as the painter, had so much interested them. Accordingly, they presented themselves and the artist's card at the door of the Earl of E——, and, after some little delay, were admitted to a sight of his collection.

They passed through two or three rooms which, although lined with gems of art, contained not the gems which had a superior brilliancy in their eyes, namely, the series of views of —— Park. On entering the fourth room, however, they discovered that the painter had told them truth. There they were, in all the glory of gold

frames and fresh paint, and so admirably faithful, that Mr. Wentworth uttered an exclamation of wonder; and it is impossible to say how far his ecstasies might have carried him, if he had not discovered that Caroline and the attendant were not the only witnesses of his raptures. Great, however, was his surprise in recognizing his old acquaintance in an individual who, in a dressing gown, with pallet on thumb, and brush in hand, was engaged in putting a few finishing touches to a freshly painted picture.

Our artist, having motioned to the attendant to withdraw, advanced to the visitors, by each of whom he was cordially greeted; the old gentleman remarking on his singular good fortune in meeting with the painter as well as the pictures. Some conversation ensued, referring partly to the subject before them, and partly to the events which had marked their intercourse in the country; when Caroline's eye happened to rest upon the picture on which the artist had been employed, and a cloud passed over her brow as she perceived that it was the portrait of herself, to which we have already alluded.

"I thought, sir," she said, with some coldness, "that you pledged yourself that that picture should never pass out of your possession?"

"It is true, I did so pledge myself," was the reply.

"Then how is it that I see it here?" rejoined the lady.

"You have deceived me."

"Nay, is it not still in my possession? Can I not take it away with me? In preferring to finish it by this light, instead of by that of my own studio, I am not aware that I violate my pledge."

"Indeed," said the damsel, a flush of indignation passing over her cheek as she spoke; "this is a subterfuge of which I could not have conceived you capable;" and the bitter consciousness of having been deceived by the being whom, notwithstanding the caution with which she received his avowal of attachment, she had clothed with every attribute of manly virtue, struck a pang to her heart, and brought the tear into her eye.

The painter, by this time, had laid aside his tools of trade, and stepping up to the indignant and mortified fair one, he took her reluctant hand, and looking with his smile of fascination in her face, said:—

"But suppose the peer and the painter are one!"

Caroline snatched away her hand, and looking full at the speaker, exclaimed, "Impossible!"

"But true, nevertheless," was the calm reply, the correctness of which was confirmed by the entrance of a servant, who prefaced his errand by "My Lord;" and who having retired, the earl continued: "Nor in this, Caroline—for I will now venture to call you so—have I deceived you. I told you I was a painter, a very *poor* one, as these performances would convince the most skeptical. I did not tell you that I was not a peer as well. But my pro-

bation is ended, and, with the permission of my kind friend and hospitable host here, I claim the prize."

As he spoke, he took the hand which had been so recently withdrawn from his own. Mr. Wentworth, who had just emerged from his mystification, and began to comprehend the state of affairs, called Caroline "a sly puss," and congratulated her in the same breath.

Affairs took their natural course; Caroline became a countess; and so, good night! my tale is told.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

SPELLBOUND she lay !
'Neath the dark forest trees,
Mid the murmur of streams
And the hum of the breeze,
And the noise of the cataract
Distantly sounding,
And the tramp of the wild horse
On the far prairie bounding ;—

Nor listened to murmur
Of water or breeze,
Nor the deep sounds of evening
That came through the trees ;
Nor watched in the heavens
The stars' merry glowing,
Nor heard from the prairie
The buffalo's lowing.

From scenes that were lovely,
In girlhood's bright day,
Her feelings were wandering
Away—far away—
To the hut of a chief,
Of his nation the pride,
Who had named her
His Indian bride.

For him over desert
O'er hills she could roam,
Forgetting, for ever,
The beings of home.
For him she could toil
Through the long summer's day,
Or tremble in winter
On the ice-cragged way ;

And suffer, all lonely,
While he was afar,
In the pleasures of chase,
Or the glories of war.
For him she could gladly
Her freedom resign,
In slavery, degrading
And hopeless, to pine ;

Could watch by his side
In the hour of woe,
When sickness is wasting,
And the bosom beats low ;
While her own heart is throbbing
In careless despair,
Though none hear the gnawings
Of the enemy there.

Could wander at night
To the "house of the brave,"
And mingle her moans
With the tempest's wild rave ;
And soon, broken-hearted,
Lay down by his side,—
So strong is the love
Of the Indian's bride.

AMEREL.

SONNET.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

BEAUTIFUL Star! who, shrined in brightest blue,
Shinest upon my gaze, till I could dream
That sparkling smiles and trembling tears I view,
And draw love-omens from thy varying beam—
I speak to thee as if thou couldst reply,
As if on me alone thou didst look down;
I bless and thank the softness of an eye
Which hath no power on any prayer to frown.
Ah, heavenly light! thou dost but seem to change,
When I am dazzled by thy constant flame;
So far on high if such weak glances range,
The mists deceive them— thou art still the same;
Unconscious of my hopes, in deathless calm,
Moving to melody, through ether's balm!

TWO DAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUG. VON STEIGENTRICH.

COUNT DROST was young, amiable, and rich. Until this period of his life, the love of the day, and the despair of the evening, had been quietly forgotten by the next morning.

But six-and-twenty is a dangerous age for tranquillity. Wit, youth, and beauty—the image of his partner at the last ball—his recollections, his uneasiness—all agitated his breast. Solitude was irksome; and he sprang upon his horse, and galloped through the street where the object lived, who had fascinated and bewitched him.

All the windows were open, and a white figure hovered near one of them. His heart beat audibly, and his spurs were instantly buried in the sides of his bright bay; the horse snorted and reared.

“Take care!” cried a voice, which he recognized as hers: his blood was in a sudden tumult; he buried his glowing face in the mane of his horse, and flew past her house like lightning.

He stood in his own apartment, and her voice vibrated yet on his ear and in his heart. But he had not thanked her for her solicitude; he had not had the courage even to salute her in passing; and he sat down to his writing-table to exculpate himself from this double fault. But his embarrassment found no words except her title, and in half an hour after the word *Fraulein* stood singly on the paper. He at length started up to go and tell her what he could not write; and, in fear and trembling, he crept up the steps of her house. His pulse throbbed violently as the door opened, and she came forward with a smile to meet him, leaning on her father's arm.

Julia was the youngest daughter of a numerous family, whose ambition and misfortunes had left them little wealth, but much consideration in society.

She had quitted her "pension" but a few days since; and appeared at a ball, at which all the youth of the city had swarmed around the *debutante*, and Drost was among them. He had followed her with kindling eyes as she floated through the dance, and stood, for the first time in his life, in embarrassment, by the side of a young lady.

The ball, with all its gay and animated objects, had passed by, leaving only confused recollections, except the image of his partner, which haunted him still; and he now once more stood before her, bashful and embarrassed.

His countenance betrayed at once his fears and his wishes; and both her father and her heart understood

the language. The prospect of a brilliant future opened before her, and she suffered her eyes to rest complacently on his. Three evenings gave him a little assurance; in eight days her hand was clasped in his; at the end of a month she was supported from the altar on his arm.

A swarm of relations now crowded round them with congratulations and invitations. They gave and received visits and balls; a week flew away rapidly, and the husband found that his young wife scarcely belonged to him a single hour in the day. The rich treasures of her accomplished mind were diffused over the whole surface of the society in which they moved. She sang, she embroidered, she danced; she glided from one to another in the gay saloon; and at length Drost, glancing uneasily at the misty crowd of dancers, felt the stings of jealousy sink in his bosom. When the music ceased, the lights were extinguished, and the dancers departed, Julia sank from her husband's arms into those of Morpheus—but she alone slept.

One day she awoke late, and Drost was sitting at her bedside, the effects of a sleepless night visible in his countenance, which he concealed with difficulty under a cheerful smile.

"I come with a request to you," he commenced; "it is the first I have ventured to make." Julia replied only by pressing her lips to his.

"I have been thinking," continued he, "of our posi-

tion, and I could wish that the repose of the country, of nature, and love, should sometimes replace the tumultuous pleasures of the town."

"What better can the heart demand," asked Julia, "than tranquillity and love?"

"Well then," said he, "let us make the trial at once!"

"Let us set off to-morrow!" cried Julia, enchanted; "I require repose, and yet I am engaged to a dozen partners—to-morrow, dear love, to-morrow!"

"To-morrow, then, to-morrow!" echoed Drost, as he pressed her tenderly to his bosom. Everything was ready; two servants had run through the streets with cards, to take leave of the forsaken world; and a beautiful spring morning accompanied them on their journey.

The heavens were serene and blue above them; the lark sang; the trees bloomed; and Julia's glance flitted with the butterfly from blossom to blossom. The eyes of the husband were traced, first on the lovely sky, and then on his bride; their arms were entwined like the boughs of the forest; joy sparkled in their eyes like the sun in calm waters; and Julia's breath felt as warm and pure upon his lips as the zephyrs of spring, which the perfume of a thousand of the love-children of May wafted into the carriage.

Five hours from the city, they left the high road, and plunged into a gloomy forest of pines, where the sudden

gusts of rain had undermined the road. The carriage rocked as it rolled along. Julia turned pale.

"Let us alight," cried she, faintly; and she was lifted trembling from the carriage. Drost got out carefully after her.

The carriage went slowly onward, while the young pair ascended the hill on foot; the sharp rock and rough stones penetrating through Julia's silken shoes. In a little while she leant breathlessly against a tree. Her eyes were raised wistfully to the summit of the hill, where the carriage had halted; she hung on his arm, and he almost dragged her on, till at length they reached the vehicle, and sank exhausted upon the cushions.

A chain of hills extended before their view. Mountain streams flowed over blooming meadows, and the green waving grain rustled on the hills, over which the evening cast its shadows.

The shade deepened as they approached the groves, and Julia folded her hands and sighed. Drost continued silent in the other corner of the carriage: their arms were no longer entwined; their lips no longer touched, although the rough road and jolting carriage flung them every now and then into collision. Drost clung with both hands to his own corner.

The night had already robed the mountains in darkness, when the carriage stopped before the old chateau. Julia sprang out of the carriage, up the steps, and into

her bed, and the sun was shining high in the heavens before she awoke.

Sleep had banished the gloomy images of the preceding day, and the bride stood serene as the morning, amidst flowers and blossoms. Nightingales sang in the shady groves of the environs, herds wandered about on the heights, birds swung themselves on the boughs, every tree seemed instinct with life, and extended its blooming branches to the morning wind. The sun was scorchingly hot, and they sought shelter in the grove on the margin of the river; the thick foliage overshadowed the nightingale, and the greensward, on which the dews of the morning still lay, was yet undried by the midday sun.

"Hold!" cried Julia, looking at her feet; "I feel as if we were walking in the river itself," and she darted back into the sunshine.

"And I am so subject to catarrh!" cried Drost, as he sprang after her. They linked their hands together in some perplexity. "Now for the wood upon the hill, where the lambs are feeding," said Drost; "we shall there have a prospect over the whole valley, and we will never more visit the nightingales as long as we live."

Julia looked up joyously toward the lambs, and hurried to the wood. A steep of some twenty steps lay before them; and in the midst she suddenly drew back, and sprang terrified into the arms of Drost, as a brown face, with matted hair and fiery eyes, appeared before her, one

hand of the figure holding back a furious dog, and the other extended towards her.

"That is the shepherd," said Drost; and she at length placed her hand timidly in his rough paw, and ascending with his assistance this miniature Chimborazo, hurried trembling into the wood.

"Dearest Drost," cried she, flinging herself down at the foot of an oak tree, "thy Mirtellos are so uncommonly like banditti! Such shepherds Geszner never saw!"

"Geszner, forsooth!" cried Drost, impatiently, as he stretched himself on the earth; "according to him there are nightingales everywhere, but he says not a syllable of the path one must take to seek them."

"Nor of the abominable roads," added Julia.

"Nor of the hardness of the lap of Flora," sighed he, rising with a grimace. Here Julia screamed: "In the house," said she, "there are at least no creeping horrors like these!" and she tore a beetle from her hair which was clinging to her ringlets. Drost, on his part, flung a little caterpillar's nest out of his cravat, and they both hastened down the hill.

The church clock struck one; and Drost looked up peevishly.

"At three o'clock," said he, "it will be dinner time—not till then; and this sun is so hot, and this hill is so high, and the retreat of the nightingales so damp—it

wants nothing more than rain, to make Time himself stand stock still upon yonder tower."

"But you know we have to arrange our dress," said Julia, cheerfully; "that will occupy us for a while, and the two hours will soon pass away."

The toilette and the looking-glass beguiled the time, and the table was prepared. In silence they seated themselves opposite each other, and Julia gazed, with quiet longing, at the old tapestry, which represented Herodias dancing. She went over softly the arrangement of the theatres for every day in the week.

"To-morrow they give Hamlet," cried she, and she fixed her sparkling eyes on her husband.

"That is in the city," said he, smiling; "here we are in the world of the ideal."

The dinner was removed; Drost took up a book; Julia's thoughts wandered silently, like the ghost in Hamlet, through the regions of memory, and the stillness of Nature appeared to be reflected in her. Not a breath of air moved a leaf, and not a word passed her lips.

"Julia," cried Drost, as he flung away his book, "how often has thy voice whiled away an evening in the city; why is it mute in the country?" And Julia sang: the soft tones of melody overflowed in her feelings, and Drost stood near her enraptured.

"Love and song!" murmured he.

"We are happy!" said she, softly, and hid her face in

his bosom. He leaned against the window; the sun was sinking behind the mountains, and the balmy evening breeze fanned his glowing cheek.

"They do not see the sun set in Hamlet!" cried he.

"And love does not give them happiness like ours," said Julia, leaning upon his shoulder. The shadows of night fell over the landscape, and they removed from the window.

"If the sun would only set more slowly!" sighed she; "but the joys of life pass away so quickly."

"Yet an age of happiness was contained in that last instant!" She leaned her head on his bosom, and asked, tenderly, "Shall I sing once more?"

"No," said he, gently, "too much harmony wearies; but I have a plan, which will amuse us, and occupy our hearts at the same time. We love each other; we are married; but we have never written to each other."

"I never wrote to a man in my life," replied Julia.

"But you love, you speak, and you embroider; transfer the Forget-me-not, and the Rose, from your embroidery frame to paper in words, and you will learn how love indites. Permit uncertainty, restlessness, and all the torments of passion, to agitate our souls once more. Seat yourself, Julia;" she sat down, smiling; Drost then retired to the other corner of the apartment, placing a large folding-screen between them, in order to keep up the illusion of absence.

"Are you ready?" said he, after a short time, which Julia had occupied in writing. She nodded, playfully. Drost hastened towards her and she read:—

"Dearest, most beloved friend,"

"Admirable! charming!" cried he, enchanted; "it would be impossible to commence more tenderly and rationally." Julia continued:—

"To-morrow they play Hamlet."

"How!" cried Drost, knitting his brows, "this is a theatrical advertisement, which thy *heart* should not admit into thy *first* letter to me."

"My sisters will be in the theatre; the court will be there; our friends will be there; our acquaintances will be there—and nobody at all is here. How proud I should be, my beloved, if I could but enter the assemblage with you, in order to show how happy I am."

"I understand," said Drost; "Pride and Love desire a couple of seats at the theatre!—that is all you have to say to me,"—and he tore up his letter.

"What are you doing?" cried Julia.

"I had written," said he, "as if I saw you now for the first time; but after an intimacy like ours, of six weeks, a letter full of ardent passion would sound like a song of that Arcadia, which has been expunged from the poetical map these fifty years."

Julia impressed a kiss on his lips, half sleepily.

"Writing is fatiguing," said she; "and the sun sets so early in Arcadia!"

The first ray of morning gleamed in the clouds as Drost awoke the next morning. He had often, when a boy, witnessed the rising of the sun, and he leaned out of the window, his heart busy with delightful associations.

"Julia must see this," thought he, and he crept softly into her chamber; she awoke startled.

"Julia!" cried he, grasping her hand, "you have never seen the sun rise!"

"The sun!" said she, peevishly, "surely it is not yet midnight!" but he pressed her more closely in his arms; her eyes opened, and she got up yawning.

The rays of the morning were gleaming over the brow of the mountain; a gentle breeze rustled through the flowers; the stream poured its waves boundingly through the valley; all the voices in the boughs were awakened, and the sun rose in dazzling splendor from behind the ridge of forest-crowned hills.

Julia's eyes gleamed; her lips bloomed like the rose when unclosed to the morning-wind; her bosom heaved like the agitated leaves in the valley. His glance was fixed on hers; his cheek glowed more deeply; her bosom heaved more quickly; and they retired speechless from the window. The chain of slumber was completely broken by these new emotions, and, although so early, it was not worth while returning to bed. Their breakfast was at

length brought in, and Julia tottered drowsily to the table. Drost threw himself on a chair, shut his eyes, and lifted the empty cup to his lips.

"Shall I fill your cup?" asked she, and leaned her head on both hands.

"No more for me," replied Drost, putting away his cup; "I have had enough."

"Then I must take some alone," said Julia; but she was so completely overcome with drowsiness, that, when putting the teapot under the valve of the urn, she scalded her hand severely. Screaming with the sudden pain, she rushed out of the room, and the table, with all its reservoir of hot water, fell on her husband's feet.

Drost, scalded more severely than his wife, sprang over the fragments of broken porcelain, and looked round him in consternation. He was soon drawn by the sound of sobbing in the distance to Julia's apartment.

"My hand!" cried she, weeping; "the entire contents of the tea urn poured over it," and she held her hand, bound up, towards him.

"That is not possible," exclaimed Drost, somewhat gruffly, "for I swim even now in my pantaloons like a duck."

"All this comes of the sun! For my part, I have no objection to it, when seen at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning; but to place one's self at a window in the middle of the night, in order to see it become light—that is an

idea which surely never entered into the head of any rational person."

Drost rubbed his foot in silence; the pain gradually diminished; Julia leaned her head upon her hand, and gazed pensively upon the landscape. Drost looked dolefully at his foot, and then out at the window.

"It is singular," exclaimed he, feeling his pulse anxiously, "I am convinced of the contrary, but yet I feel as if I had not breakfasted!"

"In all probability, there is no doctor in the neighborhood."

"I really could swear," said Drost, looking a little frightened, "that I had not tasted anything this morning." Julia sighed; Drost shut his eyes; there was a pause of a few minutes, which the rude clanging of the church bells of the village interrupted; Julia looked out of the window inquisitively. A thin stream of the population flowed through the church door, and her eyes became like the street, animated with curiosity and devotion.

"We will go to church," cried she, joyfully; "everybody is going to church."

"Dear girl," said Drost, twisting himself round, "in the church it is as damp as the haunts of the nightingale, and I am not well."

"Why, you are courtesy itself!" cried Julia, bitterly; "I get up for you in the night to see the sun rise, and you will not accompany me to church in the finest weather

in the world!" Drost rose up slowly; he allowed himself to be dressed; and they entered the church as the parson entered the pulpit. Julia had thrown around her a wrapping dress, which, like a thin veil, hid, and yet betrayed her charming shape. But the peasants looked straight towards the mouth of the preacher, out of which eloquence gushed, like the water from Aaron's rock.

Drost counted all the inhabitants of the village, and his eyes wandered listlessly from their features without expression, to their sunburnt hands, until sleep overcame him. His lips were wide open in slumber, while a torrent of words murmured over his head, like a thunder-storm a full hour long. It ceased at last, and the eyes of the peasants were transferred to the altar. Out of every mouth arose the psalm, and drowned the tones of the organ with a howl as piercing as the current of air which whistled through the vaults of the church. Julia looked about her, half stunned. Drost turned his head in every possible direction, for escape, but the shrill tones penetrated everywhere.

As the people pressed more closely about the altar, the odors of farming and cattle-breeding, with which their garments were saturated, mounted like a cloud in the air, as the howling strain pierced through Julia's ears. Drost covered his olfactory nerves with both hands; while Julia dashed a shower of perfumes over her bosom; but all was in vain—matters became worse and worse. She tried to

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speak, but the words seemed to die upon her lips; and at length Drost, seizing her suddenly by the hand, hurried her out of the church.

She was quite exhausted when they reached the house, and Drost stood watching her anxiously.

"This visit to the church may be very dangerous," said she, in a faint voice.

"I will send express for a physician from the city," cried Drost, in terror.

"He can be of no use if he is not constantly with us to watch the progress of the disorder;" and her voice appeared to become extinct.

"What, then, is to be done?" cried Drost. "I would return willingly to the city—God knows how willingly; but for two days a couple of footmen have been running about the town with cards of adieu; and on the third day to come back! The people will laugh at us."

"But if I am ill?" said Julia.

"Oh, certainly, if you are ill!" said he, and his countenance brightened; "if it were only an attack of a couple of hours—a very little, brief, *undoubted* disorder—that would be glorious: and I really believe the air of the country is not healthy. I myself, you know, have had a slight attack to-day of indisposition."

"One would not be buried here," sighed Julia.

"Certainly not," said Drost, and rang hastily. The servants rushed in.

"Pack up!" cried he; "in an hour we shall be off! But, dearest Julia," continued he, anxiously, "if the journey should increase your illness."

"O, don't be uneasy," said she, cheerfully; "motion is the best thing for me."

"But that is still worse. The journey will set you up again, and you will return quite well, and we shall become the laughing-stock of the whole town." Julia raised herself up; her eyes sparkled; her blood rushed quickly and freely through her veins. She offered him her hand.

"God be praised!" cried he; "you have a fever—your hand burns!"

"So much the better," said she, laughing.

"Certainly," said he; "that will be admirable. We will have three or four doctors sent for as soon as we arrive;" but Julia shook her head, and health and joy beamed in her eyes as she skipped about the apartment.

"What will the people say?" exclaimed he, dolefully. "She begins to dance!"

"Poor Ophelia sings, and yet is sick," said Julia, in good-humor; "and it is beautiful to acknowledge our faults. We have sought nourishment for our affection here, and what have we found? I am proud of *belonging to you*. Does any peasant envy me on that account? Take the rarest gems from a crown, and show them in a village where nobody understands the value of gems, and

you might as well bury them. That is our case." They heard the carriage rattle on the pavement, and in two minutes she was equipped for the journey, and seized him by the arm.

"I will not leave my chamber for three days," exclaimed she, joyously; "only do come to a place where they know how to appreciate you."

The road was rough; the carriage jolted—Julia smiled. They rattled joyfully down the stony path over the hills, and the city lay extended before them, in the glow of sunset. The doctor was summoned. The news of their arrival, and of her indisposition, attracted the whole circle of her large acquaintance around her. Julia was contented, and Drost happy; and, as soon as they were alone, she flew into his arms.

"We have been so long deprived of each other!" cried he, as he pressed her to his bosom; "but now again your heart throbs responsively to mine. Tell me—have you a wish yet ungratified?"

Julia smiled upon her husband; her arms were entwined closer around him; and she said, softly and tenderly: "A little absence, occupation, and love, and the heart has its Arcadia, even in a city."

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON.

THE SWING.

UPWARD she wings her flight afar,
A bird amid the quivering bowers;
Then, shooting downwards like a star,
Just skims the dew, and stirs the flowers.

One moment, like the huntress fair,
She stoops to kiss Endymion's eyes;
The next, rebounding in the air,
Shoots Parthian arrows as she flies.

Love-banished, and recalled by love,
She paints the passion false and vain;—
Yet, no; for though she seems to rove,
She still obeys the master's chain.

Now on the earth, now in the air;
Now won, now lost, her fleeting charms;
Gliding aloft, a phantom fair,
Then pressed an instant in my arms:

Ah! cease, dear wayward girl, to fly,
And from thy wild vagaries rest,
Leave, leave the angel in the sky,
And give the woman to my breast!

LEITCH RITCHIE.



THE BIRCHEN TREE.

FROM THE SCLAVONIAN.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

THE birchen tree is felled at last,
Which, as a boy, so oft I clomb;
Now all those childish days are past—
The woodman drags the ruin home.

Its roots no longer clasp the ground;
Its boughs no longer kiss the air;
The shade, which happy fathers found,
No more invites their children there.

It towered tow'rds heaven for centuries,
In quiet beauty—yet sublime ;
Smitten by mortal axe it lies,
Though spared, though sanctified by time.

And never more its green shall tell
When dawning springs their joys renew :
Young maidens mourned it as it fell,
And boys grew melancholy too.

Farewell ! farewell ! thou birchen tree !
With thee some sweetest thoughts were reft ;
And now, now what remains of thee ?
Nothing ! not e'en a shadow left !

THE HARD BARGAIN.

JEDEDIAH LONG was a singular youth. His singularity had no connection with his stature, for though six feet two at the age of twenty, and long accustomed to the revolutionized name of Long Jedediah, it was a well-established fact that, in the good town of——, the place where Jedediah first drew breath, there were a few lads as tall as he. Nor was it his hooked nose, lantern jaws, or strange manner of walking, which made his name a proverb among all acquaintances. All these, in Jedediah's case, were looked upon as matters of course, so inseparable from his personal entity that it would have been difficult to conceive how he could have been Jedediah without them. Nor was this youth singular because he possessed any one quality which his neighbors did not. But in him the popular character was developed to excess, and he was remarkable because none of his neighbors possessed to the extent that he did the genuine elements of that character. Looking upon the things of this life as things to be obtained in as much haste as possible, he was prepared, under proper circumstances, to use

any means for obtaining them ; so that, long before Jedediah had reached the aforementioned stature, even shortsighted men began to perceive that he would have little danger in getting through the world, so far as pecuniary matters were concerned. Nor was he singular because he always spoke the truth ; for good authority frequently testified that, on the point of veracity, the balance of language was about equally divided between what was truth and what was not ; and still better authority insinuated that this happened only when the balance was looked upon in the most favorable light. In the lighter and more graceful parts of his education, such as swearing, chewing, and carousing in evening parties, Jedediah had no equal ; and in whittling sticks, he surpassed all the youths or veterans for miles around. From earliest childhood—at school, in the fields, even at the plough, the practice had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Neither cane, table-edge, nor bramble-bush was safe in the presence of Jedediah. In his moments of leisure, when seated under a tree, or along the hedge, the ground around him was strewn with chips, shavings, branches, and leaves ; a huge clasp knife held the same relation to Jedediah's person that the shadow does to the substance ; and in cutting timber, it might have safely vied with the axe of any backwoodsman in Iowa.

It is to be supposed that a youth of such endowments,

was a favorite among all the young people for miles around ; in fact, his outrageous laugh was heard ringing through the wood, from every nutting party ; and in every evening circle, even the "old folks" shook their sides in mirth, either at his jokes or himself; many a sighing maid cast sheep's eyes, as his form stalked before her with the precision of a door on broken hinges; and many were the hearts which, as Jedediah firmly believed, were breaking for him throughout that district of country. Old and knowing ones shook their heads as he went by—a sign which he supposed was done out of spite to his superior merit ; and when the emphatic preliminary to a huge oath, "I won't swear," broke from his lips, he was rather gratified than incensed by feeling a soft hand pressed to his lips, accompanied with the injunction, "Don't, Jed." These oft-repeated incidents, among many others, at length inspired Jedediah with the belief that he was the most important personage of his age. Instead of whittling in company, as he had formerly done, he now retired to whittle by himself; he received the attentions of the "fair sect" with indifference, if not with contempt ; and with virtuous scorn did he look down upon those presumptuous damsels, who, as he imagined, had no rest day nor night on his account. It soon began to be whispered, that a singular change had taken place in that singular youth, Long Jedediah.

About the time that this change was thoroughly

effected, one Squire Lawson moved into the village of ———. The squire was a plain matter of fact man, of rather diminutive proportions, and noted for his love of money, or even the tinkling of money. How he obtained the title of squire had never been distinctly ascertained, since it was a pretty well established opinion, that his ideas of justice, either practical or abstract, were not incapable of improvement. In some respects, his character was much like Jedediah's. He prided himself in driving a hard bargain, in turning every cent to account, and in swearing a little, especially when angry. Besides, he was a veteran whittler. His family, for the squire was an elderly man, consisted of a wife and one daughter ! and that the latter did not resemble her father, must be ascribed to other causes than the father's example. "Sophy Lawson" was a sprightly girl of seventeen, learned in all the wisdom of the village school, near which she was born, and possessing a considerable portion of shrewdness, self-esteem, and common sense. Her character might be described as the very opposite of her father's, and of course of Jedediah's.

The new family had not been long in the village, before it began to be rumored that Miss Sophy was a model of beauty, both in form and face. Such intelligence threw into commotion the quiet village of ———. Young men longed for an introduction to the squire; and young women declared that he had no business in their town. Je-

dediah heard the news one afternoon, while sitting against the shady side of a barn hacking an oak sapling. The intelligence was most opportune; for, at the moment, his thoughts were suspended between nothing and the land of dreams. At first, he treated the news with dignified disdain; but after whittling a little longer, his opinions underwent a change, and his curiosity became excited to see the beautiful stranger. The more he thought and whittled, the stronger this desire became, until, at length, he broke out with— We will let the first escape unheard, and listen to the remainder.

“What’s to hinder me, I ax, from gittin’ a splice with the squire? Folks with higher heads than ever Squire Lawson’s was, would hoe an acre of ’taters jist to git a nod from Jedediah Long. ’Tain’t that I care for the gal—not I; but I’ll jist show these here folks, what’s alwus breaking their necks ’bout every gal they see, how a feller can come it when he’s good lookin’. (During all this time, the chips were flying like hail.) And it’s no use o’ gittin’ a splice with a gal unless ye are good lookin’. And when I’m spliced with the old man—let me see—(here an interval of silent thought ensued, during which the sapling diminished visibly)—then I’ll be as perlite as nobody else can, and say a good word or two for everything in his house. That’s the way to do it. Then I’ll git spliced to his daughter, and then everything will go right. In two days she’ll be cryin’ about me, like Lucy

Waters and Debby Taylor did at first sight. Then, won't it be fine to see all our fellers lookin' mad, and all the fair sect lookin' jealous, and the squire tellin' through the country that his gal is dyin' for Jedediah Long."

By this time, Jedediah's sapling was exhausted; and, full of his new schemes for enlarging his acquaintance and reputation, he arose, dusted himself, and sauntered slowly down the lane toward home. During that day and the following, he continued to hear, from all lips, glowing reports concerning the stranger, and became more and more desirous of seeing her. But he found this not so easy as he had at first supposed. Everything depended upon an introduction to the squire; but this appeared much more difficult to obtain, when he began to examine the means of doing it, than when he was soliloquizing behind the barn. He might, it is true, adopt the privilege of village society, and call upon the squire, by way of welcome; but this Jedediah considered below his dignity. Happily, chance came to his aid. One evening, about two weeks after the squire's arrival, Jedediah was walking by a thicket of bushes, rounding off a pine knot, and meditating on the most effectual means for obtaining a "splice" with the Lawson family. Suddenly, on raising his eyes, he beheld two ladies coming up the neighboring footpath. It should have been mentioned before this that Jedediah, when in the company of ladies, was the very pink of courtesy; and from him, either precept or

example on that important matter was received with the deference with which those of Don Quixotte, concerning matters of chivalry, are regarded. After having for a few minutes gazed on the coming nymphs, as an astronomer watches a new planet, he drew up his graceful form into an attitude of generalship, capable alike of striking fear into a besieged garrison or of taking by storm the heart of even a Dulcinea. By some mysterious good fortune, it so happened that one of the ladies was a familiar acquaintance of Jedediah's; but who the other was, all his shrewdness and examination could not determine. As she drew nearer, the young man gazed with rapture on a face of which, till then, he had never seen a counterpart. It was "heavenly," as he afterwards affirmed; a fact which accounts for the fall of his pine stick, and the deep, though not loud, "gosh!" that broke from his bosom. He forgot his attitude, and his dignity, in a moment; his heart battered audibly against his ribs; and he even relaxed his notions of politeness. The two were now approaching him; and, at each step they took, Jedediah's under jaw dropped lower, his arms dangled convulsively, and his big gray eyes fixed themselves on the face of the unknown lady. From this position, he was aroused by the "good evening, Mr. Long," of his friend; and then, almost in the same breath, he received an introduction to Miss *Sophy Lawson*! So startling was the effect of the name, that the entranced youth leaped *several*

inches from the ground; then repeated the magic name, then stammered out "how d'ye do;" and, lastly, held out his right hand, with the gracefulness of a grizzly bear. Miss Sophy nodded slightly, and then, with her companion, passed on; leaving Jedediah nervous, waspish, mad with himself, and, as he supposed, heartbroken.

But it is in seasons of deep depression that great minds rise to their zenith; and this now occurred with Jedediah Long. He had wished for an introduction to Miss Lawson; chance had given it to him; and, if chance had done so much when unsolicited, what might it not do with a little effort on his part. He had formerly been on the point of going to the squire before he knew any member of his family; but now, since he had obtained an introduction to the daughter, why could he not go to the old fellow and finish the business, by ingratiating himself in his good graces? With Jedediah, these were weighty questions; and they overcame all scruples. It might be observed, too, that the motives of his visit had undergone somewhat of a change; it was not, as formerly, to make Miss Sophy fall into hopeless love with him, but because he felt somewhat *gone* in his own affections; and whereas he had, but a few days before, considered himself as irresistible, he now, with evidently diminished faith, took abundant pains to array himself, so as to look like a gentleman.

Jedediah had an unconquerable habit of soliloquizing.

With him, a soliloquy was what the council of state is to a nation—the cradle of action. The soliloquy which decided his present course was long, grave, and peculiarly irritating. Much timber was consumed while it lasted, and some interjections uttered, not exactly apposite to pious ears. At length, leaping from the ground as if shot by Indians, Jedediah announced the decision with appropriate gestures. “I tell ye (nobody was near), I’ll go; and I’ll get spliced with the squire—that’s more; and I’ll see Sophy—that’s more. The dear little creatur! Wonder if she’s thought much of me since?” Then a sense of dignity returned, and he added, “I’ve driven many a hard bargain, and I’ll drive another: no gal ever said no to Jedediah Long.”

Early on the following morning Jedediah mounted his horse and rode down to the squire’s. He soon observed that worthy person sitting under a shed by his barn, whittling an apple branch. Jedediah dismounted, and the squire rose to meet him.

“Mornin’: squire Lawson, I ’spose?”

“That’s my name.”

“Ise Jedediah Long. Heard you’ve come to be neighbor with us.”

The squire assented. After some similar complimentary exchanges, the love-stricken youth entered upon the immediate subject of his mission, whittling terribly meanwhile.

"Had, squire, the pleasure of seeing your daughter, Miss Sophy, yesterday."

"You had?" ejaculated Lawson, straightening himself; "where?"

"What's the matter, squire?—I met her in the meadow, with Miss Downs. 'Tarnal fine gal, squire."

Lawson nodded.

"I'd be glad to see you over at daddy's, some day, squire. Got some jam cider there. Mother be glad to see Miss Sophy, I dare say."

"Never visit much," replied the squire; "besides, Sophy never goes out much."

"Don't she keep no company?"

"What do you call company?"

"Goin' to nuttin' frolics, and apple cuttin's, and weddin's, and quiltin's, and lettin' some nice young man spend an evening, or so, in the week with her. I was at an apple cuttin' last week, squire."

"Sophy has nothing to do with such places, and, what's more, she shan't."

Such an abrupt, half-angry expression, startled Jedediah. He drew himself up at full height, cut a huge segment from his stick, and, eyeing the squire with dignity, replied:—

"Why, where's the harm in young folks keepin' company?"

By this time, the squire had obtained an insight into

the object of Jedediah's mission; and being a blunt man, and not over-anxious to avoid giving offence, he resolved to keep him no longer in suspense. Besides, his anger was gaining the ascendant.

"I tell ye," he therefore replied, to Jedediah's last question, "that there is harm in such things. And if you went to an apple cutting last week, Sophy shan't. And what's more, she dont want to go. And I want ye to understand, Mr. Long, that not every young man about —— will get a chance to keep company with Sophy Lawson."

"Mornin', squire," replied Jedediah, rather hastily; and, before the gruff squire could reply, Jedediah had sprung upon his horse, and was galloping toward home. What effect the story of this interview, when it became noised about, had upon the popularity and personal feelings of Jedediah, we have no time to relate.

SONNET TO PSYCHE.

BY C. H. TOWNSEND, ESQ.

WITH wondrous gentleness thy looks are fraught,
Yet thy winged smiles are lightning; and there lies,
In the dark depth of those reflective eyes,
A world of feeling, and a heaven of thought.
There, as I gaze, my inmost soul is taught
Love's hidden spells, and voiceless mysteries;
Before their light e'en life-long Sorrow flies,
And new-waked Hope comes smiling and unsought.
Not many moons have waned since, sad and lone,
I gazed upon thee as on some bright star,
Which might be only worshiped from afar;
And now I call thy virgin heart my own!
Ah, then, what marvel if, in joy's excess,
I almost disbelieve my own strange happiness!

MISS SMITH.

BY D. ELLEN BOOTH.

Miss Lucretia Amelia Smith, a single lady of a *certain* age (that is to say, close upon the equinoctial line, if we could suppose the length of female life were fixed at five score), was certainly what some people are fond of calling a fine woman. No one would have taken her for more than forty, for she retained the roundness of form, which, at that age, so greatly improves a woman's appearance. Her hair was flaxen, and, although a few gray ones might be mingled with it, they were imperceptible from the lightness of the color. Her appearance was lady-like, without being *distingué*. She was good-natured—in a word, she was a nice person. Many wondered that Miss Lucretia should have remained so long in single blessedness, more particularly as it was well known she had a positive horror of her maiden name, *Smith*; and what was more to the purpose, it was also known that she had a small independent fortune. The names of Lucretia and Amelia sound well enough when they belong to a young

and handsome girl; but to hear a downright old maid ushered into a ball-room with such sentimental cognomens, is apt to partake of the ridiculous. Frequently did the unhappy Miss Smith lament that these pious prefixes had been bestowed upon her by her respected god-parents. Her objection, however, to her surname—for which she was somewhat puzzled whom to blame—was still stronger. Often would she repeat to herself, “Smiths, Blacks, Whites—all a set of nobodies!”

She was then in her twentieth year. Now, alas! she was twice twenty, with a few units to boot; and long had each year, as it sank into the past, convinced her that she had been guilty of a piece of egregious folly, in breaking off the only match she had ever had the opportunity of making.

When we first became acquainted with Miss Smith, she was residing at the west-north-west end of the metropolis, in a boarding-house for ladies only, as Mrs. Wilson’s advertisement stated; although a half-pay captain, an idle bachelor, or a disconsolate widower, would frequently take up his abode at 48; and Mrs. Wilson invariably observed, that the ladies were always the more sociable when any such interloper made his appearance, particularly those who had appeared to be averse to the admission of an inmate of the opposite sex, when it was first proposed. Many reasons had, indeed, induced the fair Lucretia to reside in a boarding-house. First, her fortune

would not admit of "house-keeping." Secondly, apartments were dreadfully dull; besides, it did not do for a YOUNG lady to be living alone.

Her father had been a man of large landed property, and, as is too frequently the case, at his death the estates went to the eldest son, and the daughters were only to have three thousand pounds, wherewith to maintain those ideas of grandeur, pride, and luxury, which had been inculcated from earliest infancy by an injudicious education. As before observed, Miss Lucretia found it more respectable, as well as agreeable, to reside under the roof of Mrs. Wilson, who had a large, handsomely-furnished house in Baker Street.

At the time our history commences, there was another inmate of Mrs. Wilson's, a military-looking man, who paid her those little attentions which any well-bred foreigner always pays to every lady. Englishmen are polite to those women with whom they happen to be acquainted; foreigners are so to *woman*. The foreign gentleman did not understand one syllable of English, and as Miss Lucretia only knew enough of French to say *oui* and *non*, the intercourse was confined to the offering by signs the various civilities of the table.

Day after day they greeted each other most graciously, and each succeeding one brought an increase to their intimacy. A masonic intercourse was thus established between them, by means of which they, in a wonderfully

short space of time, became, as they supposed, acquainted with each other's situation.

The lady understood that his name was De Mency—that he was a colonel, had served *dans la grande armée sous l'Empereur*—that, although he was still *garçon*, he wished to change his state, “*Si toute fois Mademoiselle voudrait prendre pitié de lui.*” This was all conveyed to the heart of the fair Lucretia, who, on her side, thought that *Madame De Mency* would sound infinitely more aristocratic than Miss *Smith*; and after a short deliberation, only long enough to make it appear she was not too easily won, she smiled consent.

The bride elect had been busy in preparing her *trousseau*, taking leave of some of her friends, and inviting others to the *dejeuner*. Among the guests was the fashionable preacher Dr. Fergus, in whose district Mrs. Wilson's house was situated, but who was not to officiate, as the ceremony was to be performed by her brother, the Reverend John Smith; who, at a considerable annoyance to his personal comforts, had transported his bulky self to London, at his sister's earnest entreaties. Not that she had any particular affection for him; she merely thought that it would “look better” in the newspapers, to see, “by the Reverend John Smith, Lucretia Amelia, only daughter of the LATE John Smith, Esq.” Her father died when she was four years old, so very late was it.

As Miss Smith resided in a boarding-house, the prepa-

rations for the fête had to be made out of doors. And here is one of the principal points in the pre-eminence of London. Want what you may—whether to furnish the necessary articles of a dejeuner, a dinner, or a supper, you have but to give an order for the number of invites, and forthwith the whole thing, down to the wine glasses, is brought in. Your table is elegantly “set out with plate, glass, and china.”

On this interesting occasion, it may be imagined the bride-cake had not been forgotten. Miss Lucretia's room presented all the appearances of departure. There stood the traveling trunks packed up; in the wardrobe was the bridal dress, ready for the following morning; while here, there, and everywhere, were the bits of paper, old ribbon, and other faded finery, which, when thrown about in confusion, give the peculiar “breaking up” look. Those who have never entered a room immediately after it has been quitted for “good,” can form no idea of the vacancy that seems to fill the place.

Miss Smith was trying on for the twentieth time her bonnet, and admiring the wreath of orange flowers which adorned it, when she was summoned to the drawing-room, where she knew her brother and the colonel were engaged in close conversation.

She cast a hasty glance in the glass, just to pull down the curls over the crows-feet, and compose her features

into a becoming simper, by pronouncing the word *plumb*; for, be it known to all those ladies who may be by nature irritable or ill-humored, that no art so effectively gives placidity to the countenance, as that little word, if they only leave the lips in the position they naturally fall into after repeating it.

The two gentlemen were seated at a table covered with parchments.

The Reverend John Smith was a short, fat man, whose red face, and whole appearance, gave the idea of his spiritual-mindedness, and the care he always bestowed on the inner man. Monsieur presented a laughable contrast; he was tall and thin to attenuation—with long black hair *à la jeune France*, moustaches and whiskers, a thin Roman nose, and large hazel eyes.

Mr. Smith's rubicund hue was still redder from anger.

"Lucretia!" cried he, on her entering, "I was quite sure you were making a fool of yourself, because I never yet knew any woman who did not; but still, I did not think you were making such a preposterous and confounded fool of yourself as I find you are doing. I say, I could not suppose that, at your age, your folly should be such. Why, this gentleman insists that your fortune is to be given up to him, and the whole of it to be embarked in some speculation, as mad, I presume, as your whole spec. In less than a year you will be a beggar. The fact is, I had previously made some inquiries respecting this person,

which were by no means satisfactory, and this interview has confirmed all my suspicions."

The colonel, who did not clearly understand the full meaning, still comprehended quite sufficient to see he was in a very unpleasant position, and began with the blandest smile—

"Mais!—"

The reverend gentleman abruptly turned to his sister, saying, "Do you intend to be such a fool?—Come, no scenes! I hate nonsense!—so decide."

Poor Lucretia was dreadfully agitated; she felt quite sure that there must be some mistake, that the dear colonel doated on her.

"On your few thousands," growled her brother, who was a very good French scholar: "he has explicitly declared that, unless he has every shilling of your fortune intrusted to him, to embark in a speculation, he cannot marry; and, indeed, that the knowledge of your fortune being in your own power, which fact, it appears, he somehow became acquainted with, was the inducement to propose to you. Again I repeat, that I never will consent, nor be a witness to your making such a confounded fool of yourself; therefore, if you persist, the consequences be upon your own head!"

Having said this, Mr. Smith folded his arms, threw himself back in his chair, and waited, in the most unbending severity of countenance, for his sister's explanation.

She looked at the colonel, who, putting his hand to his heart said, in the mixed jargon of Frenchified English, or Anglicised French, "*Que tho dat go to mine heart. Je ne puis pas, circonstanced as I am, take for wife l'aimable charmante Miss Lucretia, without le pouvoir of de money.*"

"Alors l'affaire est finie, Monsieur le Colonel," said the divine; "I would rather my sister should be a nine days' laugh, than know her to be in the hands of an adventurer," muttered he to himself.

The gallant colonel, no ways disconcerted, made a sentimental bow to Lucretia, shrugged his shoulders, laughingly said, "*O'est assez plaisant; que ces Anglais sont droles!*" and took his leave.

Poor, dear little Cupid! How many things are laid to thy charge, of which thou art as innocent as the tender infant in its nurse's arms. Thou art certainly the most ill-used young varlet under heaven. The gallant colonel is by no means a solitary example of the truth of this assertion; and we, though by no means a crusty old bachelor, can furnish many a sketch in support of our opinion.

But where is Miss Lucretia Smith all this time? She is bewailing the utter heartlessness of men; then, in a flood of tears, lamenting the not wearing her becoming dress; and then, yielding to economy, beginning to calculate the expense of the preparations—all to no purpose.

Fortunately for our heroine, on the preceding day, a half-pay captain, of the renowned clan of the O'Connors,

took up his quarters at Mrs. Wilson's. It was a subject of regret to him, that a Frenchman should be on the point of marrying so nice a creature. When therefore he heard the *eclaircissement* that had taken place between the lovers, he declared it to equal any Irish blunder that ever had been committed; and, for his part, he was tempted to call the fellow out for daring to treat a lady so improperly.

"Yet, after all," reasoned he, "there may be a better way still. What say you, Fergus O'Connor?—suppose you just propose yourself in the Frenchman's place; there's the license, the cake, all ready, nothing but the husband wanting; and the d—I's in it if an Irishman cannot make as good a one as a *parlez vous*, any day. Sure, an Irish captain, in love or war, is a match for *Mounseer le Colonel*; and if the darling crature, Lucretia, likes to be made-love to in a language she does not understand, why I will blarney the dear jewel in pure Irish; and it will just bother her brains more than the French flummery. Never let it be said, man, that a lady wanted a husband, and you in the house, without offering yourself."

By what arguments the captain succeeded is not known; but within the week the *bague* was returned to the jeweller, to have the initials altered with the utmost expedition; although the good-natured Fergus declared that it was all the same to him whether L. de M., or F. O'C. were engraved on it; and the papers announced among the mar-

riages, "By the Reverend — Smith, Fergus O'Connor, to Lucretia Amelia Smith."

The clerical gentleman wisely considered that the only thing was, as he expressed it, "to let his sister make a fool of herself if she liked;" but, at all events, he had taken care to have her fortune secured on herself.

THE FOUNT OF TEARS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

I WATCHED beside him, when from earth
All that he loved had passed away,
And mute, dark, desperate dreams have birth,
Which lead the soul astray.
Fixed was his brow, and calm his air,
No tear was in his vacant eye ;—
They said that tears would soothe despair—
I led him forth to try.

II.

We sought the dwelling of the dead,
Where she, the loved—the lost, was laid ;
I bade him read the name ; he read ;
Yet not a look betrayed
The consciousness that here *she* slept
The last unchanging sleep ;—
Where friends less dear had walked and wept,
He only did not weep.

III.

I led him to the moss-clad oak,
Where they had pledged love's first fond vow ;
No sound the dreary stillness broke
That whispered " Where art thou ?"
Naught did he seem to hear or see
Of grief, in that familiar spot ;
" Poor maid ! " I thought, " and can it be
That thou art thus forgot ! "

IV.

Homeward we turned ; when through the wood
Came down a young and joyous pair :
The mourner started—trembled—stood ;
The spell I sought was there.
At sight of LIVING LOVE awoke
The feelings that so long had slept ;
The chain that bound his soul was broke,
He sat him down and wept !

THE OLD BACHELOR AND HIS SISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL."

THERE were no old bachelors or old maids in Noah's ark. Whether any existed before the flood, is doubtful. I incline to think that there were none; for if there had been, they would have been preserved as a curiosity, to say nothing of their innocence. They are peculiarly interesting creatures, considered in themselves—the old maid by herself, and the old bachelor by himself. But they are seldom seen to perfection, because they are so mixed up with the rest of the world. The old bachelor is in lodgings, and he goes to his club, and hardly looks like an old bachelor. The old maid, too, very often boards with a family, and so catches the airs and manners of the establishment as almost to lose her individuality; her mouth gets out of shape by laughing and talking like the rest of the world; and her taste in dress becomes vitiated from her habit of going a-shopping with married women, and young girls. The perfection of celibacy is, when an old bachelor and an old maid, brother and sister, live together.

There is a pair in the precincts of Pimlico—the most pure and primitive patterns of preciseness, that mortal ever set eyes upon. They have lived together upwards of thirty years; and really, if you were to see them, and to observe how orderly and placidly everything proceeds with them, you could almost persuade yourself to believe that they might live thus for three hundred years. The brother is in one of the government offices, where he attends with such an exquisite regularity, as to put chronometers and time-pieces to the blush. He has never been absent on any pretence whatever; and his punctuality is so remarkable, that the people about the office say that his coming to the door is a signal for the clocks to strike. The clocks might, if they chose to take it into their heads, strike before he came; but it would be in vain, for nobody would believe them. He wears a blue coat with yellow buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab kerseymere unmentionables with paste buckles at the knees, speckled silk stockings, and very broad, silver shoe-buckles. All the change that has ever taken place in his appearance within the memory of man, is that once he wore a pig-tail, and now he wears none. The disappearance of this appendage to his head is truly characteristic of his quiet placidity of manners; for it went—nobody knows when, where, why, or how: and of course nobody likes to ask him. The general opinion is, that it vanished by degrees, a hair at a time; and very likely, after it was all gone,

people fancied that they still saw it; for they had been so long accustomed to it.—The dress of Miss Milligan differs from that of her brother—not that its style is more modern, or more ancient, but that it is infinitely more various, seeing that she inherits three voluminous wardrobes, once the property of so many maiden aunts.

The house in which our old bachelor and his sister live is altogether of a piece with themselves. Gentle reader, suppose you and I go to dine with the old bachelor and his sister, by special invitation: you may go farther and fare worse; only I must tell you beforehand, that if you expect a three-course dinner, and silver forks, and all that sort of thing, you will be disappointed. Here—this is the house, with a little garden in front. You would think that the little brass knocker had been polished with kid gloves; I have known it more than twenty years, and I am sure that it is not half the size that it was when I was first acquainted with it—it has been almost cleaned to death; I think that some of these days it will vanish, as Mr. Milligan's pigtail has. There's a livery servant such as you don't see every day—what a marvellously humble bow!—he is out of the country, and has been for the last thirty years, during which time he has not been out of the house for more than half an hour at any one time, except when at church. His master and mistress have such a regard for his morals, that they have taken pains to prevent his forming any acquaintance

with the servants in the neighborhood. And in order to bribe him into good morals—for bribery is not always corruption—his master and mistress promised him, when he first came to his place, that, if he would conduct himself steadily and not get into bad company, they would make him a handsome present towards housekeeping when he should marry; the same promise also they made to their two female servants, who came into the establishment at the same time. All three of the domestics live in hopes of the premium for good behavior, for they all avoid bad company, even according to the rigid interpretation of Miss Milligan, who thinks men very bad company for women, and women very bad company for men. I very much admire simplicity of manners, especially in livery servants, and in this respect Peter is without his parallel in London, indeed I may say, or the country either. Now we are in the drawing-room, and as soon as we have paid our respects to our host and hostess, we will take a mental inventory of the furniture. Such a courtesy as that, deserves a very low bow. Does not the whole aspect of the apartment, and the look and tone of our friends, make you almost imagine that they did come out of Noah's ark, or rather that they did not come out of it, but are in it still? Over the fire-place you see a map of England, worked with red worsted upon yellow silk—it was originally white silk, and I remember it a great deal whiter than it is now. I hope you do not

omit to notice the chimney-piece, and its ornaments, by means of which you may learn to what perfection the fine arts had reached in England thirty years ago. There's a fine crockery gentleman in pea-green breeches, blowing the flute, and there's a pretty shepherdess in a gold-edged blue jacket, and high-heeled shoes, looking as sentimentally at a couple of French lap-dogs, as if they were veritable lambs. You think the carpet has shrunk, and contracted from age ; no such thing : when Mr. Milligan first furnished his house, it was, or rather had been a fashion to have only the middle of the room covered with carpet ; and he can tell you that when Queen Charlotte lived at Buckingham House, there was not one room entirely covered with carpet. Those six prints of Italian scenery in narrow black frames have had their day, but are in as high repute as ever in Mr. Milligan's drawing-room. In the whole course of your life, did you ever see such a spindle-shanked tea-table as that in the corner ? It looks like a great large ebony spider ; black, however, as it looks, it is only mahogany. Miss Milligan recollects, as well as if it were but yesterday, that one of the last lamentations which her dear mother made concerning the alteration of the times, and the abominable innovations marking the degeneracy of the age, had reference to the wicked practice of suffering mahogany furniture to retain its natural color. And surely you must admire the elaborate carving on the backs of these chairs—the ears of wheat, the heads

of cherubs—or of frogs—I could never exactly guess which of the two they were intended to represent. Look at the legs, or rather feet—they are something like feet—what fine muscular claws grasping a globe of wood! The chair-covers and the window-curtains were the work of Mr. Milligan's three maiden aunts. This was the only thing that they ever did; and I rather think that they rather thought that their only business in this world was to work curtains and chair-covers.

But dinner is announced. Now, don't imagine that I am going to dance a minuet with Miss Milligan. I only offer her the tip of my finger to hand her into the dining-room; for if I were to offer to tuck her under my arm, as the fashion is now o'days, I should frighten the worthy spinster out of her wits, and, perhaps, run a risk of being sent away without my dinner. First course, a dish of mackerel and gooseberry sauce, and marvellously good eating, too, for those who are neither hungry nor dainty. Besides, you know, we don't go to see our friends for the sake of eating and drinking. There is an old maidishness in the look of mackerel—not that they are a very demure looking fish, but they are neat, and prim, and very insipid withal. Yet, considering how rapidly they increase and multiply, one should infer that celibacy is not much in vogue among them. I very much admire the contrivance of the dumb waiter—which prevents the parlor conversation from being repeated in the kitchen,

and I would not on any account that Peter should be witness of our dinner talk, for he is a shrewd-looking man, and I guess he takes me for a conjurer—and so let him—I will not talk in his hearing, and undeceive him. Bless me! here comes the second course, I declare! Nobody rang the bell; I wonder how they should know that we are ready for it. Everything in the house seems to move with the regularity of clockwork—indeed, the whole house looks like one great clock. Second course: a roasted leg of lamb at the bottom—and what at the top? Brocoli. And what in the middle? Potatoes. And what at the side? Mint-sauce. And what on the other side? Melted butter. Now we are told that we see our dinner. I saw it, in my mind's eye, long ago. I knew it by the almanac, and could foretell it as easily as an astronomer can foretell an eclipse. Well, if a leg of lamb be not enough to feed four persons, who have previously been eating mackerel and gooseberry sauce, all that I can say is, that they are gluttons, and ought to be ashamed of themselves. Here comes a third course!—if course it may be called—a bread-and-butter pudding, and a rhubarb tart.

The cloth being removed, we shall have a glass of wine; for Mr. and Miss Milligan never drink wine at dinner. Capital mountain, as old as the hills. Did you ever see wine poured from a decanter into a wine-glass with such an exquisite solemnity? Miss Milligan never drinks port,

but Mr. Milligan has some very fine old port in pint bottles, which is introduced on grand occasions, and this, of course, is one, for they never entertain a larger party than the present. A pint of port is not much to divide amongst three persons; but, when wine is poured with an exquisite carefulness, out of a small bottle into a small glass, it has a mighty knowing look, and goes as far again as when it is irreverently bobbed out of a broad-mouthed decanter flop into a great big wineglass, large enough for a punch bowl, or a horse trough. Neither Mr. nor Miss Milligan ever open their mouths wide. As for Miss Milligan, she looks as if she were fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy that she was going to whistle. When Mr. Milligan had poured out the first glass, and when his guests, following his example, and complying with his pressing invitation, have done the same, he carefully wipes the rim of the little black bottle with a D'Oyley, and setting it before him he corks it up again with as much care as if it were not to be opened again till this time twelvemonth. All this performance having been carefully gone through, with as much gravity and preciseness as if it were some magic ceremony, and Miss Milligan having now left the dining-room for the drawing-room, Mr. Milligan, smilingly and courteously, drinks to the good health of his guests, and sips the first spoonful of his wine, smacking his lips and looking as knowing as the north star. The first glass gene-

rally lasts him about half an hour, and of course it lasts his guests as long. This is the proper mode of drinking wine—it makes one feel its value, and it unites duty and pleasure—to wit, the duty of sobriety, and the pleasure of drinking. I don't like to see people drink wine as if it cost nothing; it shocks my sense of propriety to see port, or claret, chucked down the throat with as much flippant irreverence as if it were nothing but small beer. Half of the pleasure of drinking wine is in the gravity and ceremony with which it is done, and the pondering ruminativeness with which the palate dwells upon, and analyzes, every drop. Wine comes from a great distance, is brought over in great ships, costs a great deal of money, pays a heavy duty, is moved from place to place with the ceremony and solemnity of a permit; it requires a long time to come to perfection;—it ought not, therefore, to be drunk irreverently and carelessly. Mr. Milligan takes his wine as if he knew its value; and so he does—for he is a capital arithmetician, and can calculate compound interest to its minutest fraction. Six sips to one glass, with an interval of five minutes between each sip, are quite enough to assure one that the wine is properly enjoyed, and duly revered. I can't think how it is that my friend manages to make nine glasses out of a pint of wine—yet so he does; and, as certainly as the little bottle has trotted its third round, so certainly comes Peter to announce that tea is ready; and so certainly, also, does our

worthy host kindly offer to indulge us with the luxury of another bottle. Whether any of his guests have accepted this offer, I cannot presume to say, but most likely they never have; for, such a violation of regularity and sobriety must have been the death of him.

What a disgusting sight it is to see men staggering into the drawing-room, with great stupid stark-staring goggle-eyed looks, as if they had been frightened out of their first sleep. Ah me! how I tremble, in such cases, for the carpet and the coffee-cups. Such sights, and such fears, have no existence in the drawing-room of Miss Milligan. We are all as sober as judges, and as much in possession of ourselves, as if we were in possession of nothing else. Never does an old maid appear to such advantage as at a tea-table—tea was certainly created for the special use of old maids. The fine, delicate, something-nothing flavor and substance of tea, marks it as the spinsters' beverage; its warmth cherishes and keeps them alive, without which they would petrify. Whether the single glass of mount-tain which Miss Milligan drank after dinner has begun to mount into her head, or whether a satisfactory sense of appropriateness at finding herself presiding at the tea-table has taken possession of her, I cannot tell; but she seems to be as gay as a lark, as brisk as a bee; she pronounces the word "brother," which occurs in almost every sentence she speaks, with a light and buoyant trippancy of tongue:—this is a great feature in the old maid's character; she

scarcely ever speaks, except of, or to, her brother. He goes every day from Pimlico to Westminster; therefore, he sees the world, and knows everything that is passing in it. He is her authority and oracle, the telescope through which she sees the distant world. Mr. Milligan, also, himself, feels an extraordinary exhilaration from having taken a third part of a pint of port, and he descants on things in general with an unusual volubility, though without any abatement of his exquisite accuracy and neat preciseness. Surely there is not on the face of the earth, and amidst all the interesting and curious varieties of the human species, any one display of humanity more interesting and more curious, than that of a neat, prim, quiet, precise, formal, mouse-like old bachelor, having the cockles of his heart gladdened by the third part of a pint of port, and relaxing into the glibness of comparative eloquence. Our host sips his tea in gladness of heart, and balances his spoon on his fore-finger with a smart jemmy-jessamy air, while he talks with a pretty formality of the state of Europe, and the façade of Buckingham House; and Miss Milligan, herself, looks as if she could muster up courage enough to say "Prip, prip," to her Canary bird.

Now let us see if we are a match for the old bachelor and his sister at a game of whist. Miss Milligan knows nothing about shorts.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Since the invention of steamboats and steam carriages, everything seems to be done in a hurry. Push on! keep moving! is the order of the day. I don't like it. I like to see things done with a little form and preciseness." I like to see Miss Milligan shuffle the cards;—she does it so calmly, so conscientiously, so determinately; and she deals them so impartially. There, now, let us take our time; nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry. With a little management, and a little formality, a rubber of whist may be made to last as long, and to go as far, as a pint of port. Then, by playing slow, we don't lose so much money, and we thereby part better friends. And it is so pleasant and instructive, at the close of every deal, to hear a full and complete analysis of the manner in which each hand has been played—to have it all summed up as formally and accurately as the judge sums up the evidence at the close of the trial. One learns something by these elaborate discussions. Moreover, it is very agreeable to have a little talk over our game, and to fill up the interstices of the time with miscellaneous and digressive comments on things in general. Playing a good, quiet, steady rubber at long whist, and chatting all the time about miscellaneous matters, is not making a toil of a pleasure. But your players at short whist seem intent on nothing else than winning each other's money. So, we have spent a very sober evening with the old bachelor and his sister, and have only lost sixpence.

Thus quietly live the old bachelor and his sister from year to year. Nothing disturbs their peace of mind, or ruffles the regular composedness of their spirits. They, and their house, are always in apple-pie order. They are in the world, it is true, but they are hardly of the world. They seem to have nothing to do but to look at it placidly, and to talk about it wonderingly; and to wish, but wish in vain, that every house was as orderly as their own.

SONG.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ESQ.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me :
O then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are !

A RURAL PROSPECT.

OH! when the city, 'neath the summer's glow,
Is sick with heat and fever, and the air
Scarce moves the piléd dust, 'tis sweet to draw
Away from crowded streets, to where the breeze
Comes freshening through the trees, and gurgling streams
Course playful on between their shady banks;
And birds are on the wing, and grassy bowers
Invite the wearied traveler to their shades.

Oh, there to lie, a summer's afternoon,
And hear the insects chirp their endless notes,
And watch the grain, heaving like seas of gold;
While feathered songsters trill their happy strains,
And forest haunts are sounding with strange roar
As sweep the breezes through. Sure, in such sights
There were enough to stir the heart of man
To love the works of God—to leave awhile
The strife to rise above his fellow-man—
The grasp for wealth and fame, and call away
His soul's high powers, to muse a few short hours

On works more grand than his, yet quiet all,
Reared in the pomp of grandeur.

Through the dell,
High overarched with trees, the narrow lane
Winds on its devious way, and many a flower,
By mortal hand untended, decks its sides,
And, modest, sends its fragrance on the breeze,
To cheer the sons of toil. Through opening gaps,
Among the trees, small cottages are seen,
Covered with ivy; while before the door,
Or at the stile, the cotters' children play:
Ragged, but happy—nursed in no soft lap
Of idle dalliance, nor unused, at times,
To earn their scanty mite. More distant still,
Dim mountain summits rise against the sky,
From whose gray tops, each morning, freshly blows
The balmy breeze of health. Among the hills,
Bright streams invite the wanderer to their banks;
While from the meadows comes the low of herds,
And merry song of milkmaid. Every sound
That stirs the soul to love, each sight that moves
The feelings to the Source of life and light,
Are found commingling in such Rural Scene.

AMEREL.

THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I.

"Two persons may have the same idea, only Shakespeare thought of it first;"—yes, in his mind's mint, stamped it as his own most royal coinage,—linked it for ever to his deathless memory,—embalmed it in the undecaying records of his supreme genius! And, applying the trite adage to the lesser luminaries which have since arisen—like stars after sunset—how often does the poor scribbler bewail his hard fate; one moment regretting, in the pride either of his real or imagined power, that he was not born three hundred years ago, and the next, confessing in his heart of hearts that it is very difficult to distinguish between memory and creation. And yet I do believe there are as many pages in nature's book, for the real philosopher and true poet, "white and unwritten still," as any that they have crowded; but it is the "master spirits" which must arise to fill them.

And now, kind reader, you will ask, what has all this

to do with the story I am going to tell you?—Much. I want to describe a lovers' trysting-place, as lovely a spot as any on the banks of the Thames, where a smooth lawn slopes gently down to the rippling tide, in which graceful willows lave their drooping branches. The time, too, was summer—real, dear, beautiful summer, when the roses, and lilies, and jasmins mingle their rich odors; when one envies more than ever the free birds, which rove about all day in the sunshine, or in the shade which the sunshine makes pleasant, and feels disposed to emulate their out-of-door enjoyment, for a few days, at least, without the fear of sore-throat or catarrh constantly before one's eyes. It was night, too, gorgeous night, that was "*not sent for slumber;*" and the moon *did* shine coldly, calmly bright, like a lovely, lonely queen; and the stars came clustering forth around, but not quite near, as if to guard and guide her. But who dares attempt to describe such a scene without involuntary plagiarism, or open, honest borrowing? I fear, not I; and so I would rather leave to my readers' imagination the task of filling up the picture.

I have said it was night, in fact, nearly midnight; and Dudley Raymond, choosing the partial shade afforded by two or three large trees, had waited with anxious heart for more than an hour. At last, the house door was gently opened, and as stealthily closed; a light figure tripped noiselessly over the lawn, and in another minute Margaret Seymour was in his arms. They had been

separated for three years—a long absence, checkered only by a very imperfect correspondence. Yet there was neither doubt nor distrust on either side, and they met with mutual faith as unshaken as if their vows had been pledged but yesterday.

Many were the broken, passionate exclamations, which passed between them; and many the foolish honey words (which yet have their own sweet wisdom) ere Margaret raised her head from her lover's shoulder; and as Dudley gathered back the mass of rich brown hair, which had streamed over her face, he started, and exclaimed, "You have been ill, Margaret! You are paler—thinner!"

"I am *older*," she replied, gravely.

"Very aged;—something more than one-and-twenty; but I do not perceive either wrinkles or gray hairs yet." And Dudley was cheated of a smile, though his heart was too full for mirth.

"I am serious," she continued: "grief has a maturing hand; and that is a foolish reckoning which measures time by the even flight of weeks, and months, and years. You left me a mere girl—neither very obedient nor very tractable, I believe, but still with something of the pliability of youth. I might have been moulded to good or evil; but it is too late now. I have had neither friend nor counsellor; my mind has been its own instructor, and I have grown into a resolute, determined woman. I wonder can you love me as well?"

"You do *not* wonder."

"Yes!—listen to me; I have felt sometimes—not often—but I *have* felt that I could not always, in all things, bend even to you."

"I will not ask it."

"Perhaps not. But indeed I am altered; you will judge how much, when I tell you the manner in which I have passed my time since my father's death. Abhorring my step-mother, and feeling certain it was through her influence he left me dependent on her will, I have, though dwelling under the same roof, shunned her presence as much as possible. I have absolutely refused to visit with her, and rarely have I mixed with visitors at home. My poor father's study has been tacitly given up to me, for no one else cared to enter it; and there have I passed the greater portion of my time. From your recollection of his favorite pursuits, you may judge that my studies have, not been those precisely common to young ladies. Astronomy, astrology—do not laugh, Dudley—I am superstitious, that is one of the changes in myself which I acknowledge—and chemistry. From the last I have won what I once felt to be a treasure, for it gave me power over my own destiny, at a time when I felt life to be almost insupportable. See! I have worn it ever since, attached to the chain of your hair!" and she drew forth a little golden box, which had formerly contained aromatic vinegar, but was now applied to a very different purpose;

the inner compartment had been entirely removed, and, in its place, imbedded in soft cotton, lay a globule, containing a few drops of some transparent fluid. Dudley seemed scarcely to understand her, but, as she closed the box, Margaret whispered, "Broken in the mouth, it would destroy life in a few seconds."

Dudley snatched it from her, and hurled it towards the river. "Why did you do so?" she exclaimed. "But it matters not, I shall not want it now. I would have swallowed it at the altar, had they forced me there, rather than have been *his*. She first tried to bribe, and then threatened me; for the alliance would have strengthened the ambitious hopes she entertains for her brainless brat—and I believe my hand was to have been the price of his influence. But you tremble, Dudley."

"Margaret! in your letters you never told me all this!"

"Why should I have distressed you?—but listen now, for there is no pain to either of us in talking of Lord Lovel while your arms are round me. At first, I appealed to his generosity. I told him that I loved"—

"The son of the ruined merchant!"

"Yes; I told him no power on earth should induce me to wed another. But he only smiled his bitter smile, and said he would wait till I had outgrown my girlish fancy. Soon afterwards, he began cautiously and artfully to traduce you to me; but I saw through his design in a moment, and told him our mutual confidence was too secure

to be shaken by evil report. And, as my last resource, I tried to make him understand how completely I scorned and loathed him;—he turned pale with anger, but yet he smiled—and, though he left the room, threatening vengeance in terms I could not clearly comprehend, in less than a week I heard he had left England.”

“And he has kept his vow. Margaret, you have much to learn, before I ask you to share the fortunes of a desperate man. Do not start when I tell you I am no longer in the navy. I am dismissed—disgraced;—and it is Lord Lovel who has worked my ruin! You know that he is high in the service, and, a few months since, he contrived that I should be appointed to a ship he commanded. I knew him, Margaret, as your rejected lover—but I knew him not, till afterwards, as a disgrace to the name of British peer, or British sailor. Cannot you guess the rest? How he first goaded me on by petty insults, then entrapped me into a seeming neglect of duty, and finally played the double traitor, by slandering you. Driven almost to madness, in a moment of fury, I struck him. My accumulated offences admitted of no extenuation;—I was dismissed the service with ignominy.”

Margaret was silent for a few moments, but then she spoke with firmness. “I should have gloried in your fame, and the world’s high report; but I will be only the woman now, and rejoice that we need not again be so long and so widely separated.”

He did not answer; but as he drew her yet nearer, and looked down into those large, lustrous, tearless eyes, he read, in one long and earnest gaze, the perfect faith of woman's untiring and unselfish love. Whatever undefined, self-sacrificing plans Dudley might previously have cherished, they were that moment banished for ever; and he broke the silence by exclaiming, "We cannot part!"

And then he asked her if she would share perils, and care, disgrace, and possible poverty; if she would leave kindred and friends, home, luxury, and station? And she answered—as *women always answer*. Then he whispered a few more words in her ear, at which she started; and after a while he asked her, almost in a tone of dissuasion, if she would *yet* be his wife? And she answered—as *women, with unsettled principles*, always answer!

Meanwhile the tide had risen, and the boat in which Dudley had rowed himself thither, had drifted to within a few feet;—it seemed like a signal that they must separate. Indeed, they had lingered till the gray of early morning warned them of the flight of time; but as at last he stepped into his boat, Margaret promised that the next time it glided beneath the dripping branches of the willows, it should bear her away for ever.

She watched the first few strokes of the oar, but, as she turned from the water's edge, she was attracted by something glittering at her feet. In a moment she recognized the little box Dudley had snatched from her hand; and,

as she raised, and once more fastened it to the chain at her neck, she murmured, "It is an omen; but I have decided."

II.

Greyford is an inconsiderable town on the coast of Hampshire, and a few years ago the curiosity of the inquisitive portion of its inhabitants—a large majority—was strongly excited touching the parentage, former life, and present vocation of a couple—the dwellers in a certain cottage, which had long been tenantless, and which was situated very near the sea-shore, and about a quarter of a mile beyond their last new terrace. The lady was young, and without being strictly handsome, every one acknowledged—notwithstanding her extreme simplicity, almost homeliness of attire—that her appearance was prepossessing and distinguished. Her husband was a fine-looking man, seemingly not more than a year or two older than herself, and unquestionably with the deportment of a gentleman. Of course, as they paid rent and taxes with laudable punctuality, and discharged debts on delivery of their purchases, they were voted—respectable; as they evidently declined all visiting, they were declared—proud; and as they did not attempt to advertise any account of themselves, they were called—mysterious. The last circumstance was most defective policy, and a proof that they had never before dwelt in or near a small country

town. The apothecary's wife had ventured a call—probably she would not so have done, had not a new practitioner just started; and the report of her reception, and the interior of their dwelling, only sharpened curiosity.

The room into which she was ushered, though small, was fitted up in a style somewhat between a gentleman's study, and a lady's boudoir. Well-stored book-shelves extended on one side, from floor to ceiling; while, on the other, a large pair of globes contrasted with a harp and guitar. Various articles of taste and luxury were scattered about, and a fine Newfoundland dog was stretched at full length on the hearth-rug. Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins—so they were called—had evidently just finished luncheon, or an early dinner, and on the table were two or three sorts of French wines, and several kinds of very rare foreign and dried fruits.

Although the lady had been courteously received, her visit was never returned, nor did it lead to any further intimacy. Months passed on, and the town's-people's curiosity remained ungratified. Though not extinct, it became for a little while dormant, as an elopement, a stage-coach accident, and two robberies, had lately afforded abundant matter of interest and speculation.

III.

The scene is again the interior of the cottage. It was a winter's night; thick curtains excluded the cold wind,

but the roaring of the sea was perfectly audible. Margaret and her husband had drawn near a bright fire, and she sat on a low ottoman almost at his feet; one hand was clasped in hers, while the other rested carelessly on her shoulder. They were alone in their dwelling, for their only domestic had never been permitted to sleep under that roof.

"It is a dreadful night!" said Margaret, but without raising her eyes.

"Yet I have braved much worse," replied Dudley; "and, besides, the wind may lull when the tide turns. It yet wants three hours to midnight. What! weeping!—trembling! Oh! dearest, this unmans me!"

"I have a presentiment of evil, which I cannot shake off."

"Foolish girl!"

"Listen to me, Dudley! Within the last hour, by a *spontaneous* effort of memory, the whole of my past life has passed in rapid review before me, more vividly, more distinctly, than my *will* could have commanded. A strange and momentary flash revealed to me, by, *I* believe, a supernatural power—the future. Into that moment was condensed a life's share of agony and strife; and then came a white blank, like Eternity, to the mind's conception. Stay!—I know you will tell me it is only a fevered imagination; but, if so, will you not bear with me?"

"I would rather reason with you."

"I must—I will tell you. Dudley, I have seen Lord Lovel to-day!"

Dudley started, and an exclamation of horror escaped him. "Margaret!" he cried, "did he see—did he recognize you?"

"Yes, and appeared not in the least surprised at the meeting. It was in a narrow street, and he took off his hat, stood still, and remained uncovered while I passed. I looked not in his countenance to see if his withering smile were there or not."

"This is dreadful news. If he, of all men, have the clue, the worst will happen. The cellars are, at this moment, full of contraband goods, and a valuable cargo is to be landed to-night."

"I know it, and the weak fit has passed; I am again the smuggler's wife. I must get out the night-glass, and load your pistols; and then I will show you the miniature of my dear husband, which I finished this morning—and then we will play a game at chess;—or shall I sing to you?"

A few minutes before midnight, the smuggler left his cottage, to meet his companions on the beach. Margaret unfastened and refastened the door with a tolerably steady hand, but as she turned back to the cheerful fireside to keep her solitary watch, again she burst into tears. To know, might be a profitable lesson—but who can tell the

thoughts which rushed through the chaos of her mind, the mind of one destitute of religious principles, and yet not altogether an unbeliever—during the following hour?

At the expiration of that time, a low tap was heard at the door, and Margaret, obedient to the signal, hastened to admit her husband. He entered, followed by two others, all heavily laden; but when the door was nearly closed, it was flung back violently, and an officer belonging to the Preventive Service, Lord Lovel, and half a dozen men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, sprang into the passage. Resistance would have been unavailing against such overpowering numbers, and so far from Dudley attempting it, he dashed the upraised weapon from the hand of one of his companions. But when he recognized Lord Lovel, the flush of anger mounted to his face, and then subsided to the deadly paleness of hatred and suppressed passion.

Lord Lovel, who was half intoxicated, could not conceal his triumph; but as he alone knew Dudley's real name, and former station, but few of his taunts were understood, save by those who felt them only too keenly. Margaret stood cold and statue-like, until an attempt to handcuff her husband seemed to arouse her faculties: "No—no!" she exclaimed, in a voice which none who heard ever forgot; and clasping her hands together, she fell at the feet of the man who was in truth yet more degraded than his erring rival. Dudley, in the grasp of

two powerful men, attempted to spring forward, but in vain; and after a moment, she rose with her petition unanswered. It was then Lord Lovel, as a crowning insult, threw his arm round her waist, and attempted to bring his lips near her face;—a scream escaped her, and the same instant Dudley's captors either involuntarily slackening their hold, or he by some giant effort breaking from them, he snatched a pistol from his bosom, and, Margaret's scream had scarcely died on the ear, when, after springing in the air till his head touched the ceiling, Lord Lovel lay a corpse at their feet!

IV.

It would be tedious and unavailing to carry the reader's attention to a court of justice, where, however evenly the scales are held, it should never be forgotten, that men, raised for the most part above their kind by high intellect, coldly and calmly meet to judge of crimes, almost ever committed in the frenzy of some overpowering passion. Enough that the smuggler, known as David Rawlins, was convicted of the wilful murder of Viscount Lovel. It was in the days when extenuating circumstances were less thought of than happily they are at present;—it was when human life must have been deemed of less value than now. Unfortunately, also, smuggling had recently been carried on to an alarming extent; and as in several

affrays the gang had fought most desperately, it was considered a proper opportunity to make an example of Lord Lovel's murderer.

Margaret was allowed to visit her husband in prison, and all wondered at her seemingly marvellous composure. They must have forgotten that it is "the silent griefs which cut the heartstrings," or they did not understand how a spirit like hers might control emotion, for the sake of one far dearer than self or life.

It was the morning preceding that which was to be Dudley's last;—Margaret was with him; and the jailor, prompted by curiosity, listened to their conversation—at least, so he reluctantly confessed some days afterwards. He could, however, only collect a few detached sentences. From his account, the prisoner was urging her to communicate with her friends, which she positively refused to do, and on his entreating her to declare her intentions for the future, she whispered something which seemed to shock and startle him. He implored her to forego her purpose, whatever it was, but she was deaf to his entreaties, declaring, "*It had been reserved for her.*"

"Not for you, Margaret, but for me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of thrilling energy, and drawing her towards him, murmured, "You will save me from this horror of horrors?"

"They search me narrowly every time I enter," she replied. And then there was more whispering, which the

listener could not catch, heart-wrung tears on both sides, and a parting—the last but one.

That night Margaret was again admitted, and, as usual, carefully searched, lest she should convey any implement of self-destruction to the prisoner. She remained longer, far longer than the allotted time, and the jailor drew near (he had never lost sight of them) to remind her she must withdraw. It was an agonizing scene, even to him, accustomed as he was to misery. Margaret clung to the prisoner, who clasped her wildly in his arms, but as he bent his lips towards hers to take the last—last kiss, she turned her head away, with a movement resembling the coyness of a bashful girl. He spoke but one word—it was her name, uttered in a clear, low voice, which seemed to recall—scarcely so much tenderness as—energy. His lips touched hers, and Margaret sank back from their last pressure, almost in a state of insensibility.

The scaffold was cheated of its victim, and the crowd who were drawn together from an unnatural craving for the horrible, dispersed with their degrading appetite unsatisfied. The prisoner was found, at daybreak, dead in his cell, and, it was declared, from some strong poison.

Suspicion fell on the widow, though the jailor maintained it was impossible she could have been the bearer of any drug. They sought her, and found—a raving lunatic! Some kind and charitable individuals procured her admission into an asylum for the insane, where she

remained, classed as an incurable, for many years. The maniac's death, and the pauper's grave, were hers at last. But once, amid her ravings, some words escaped, from which it was conjectured that the fatal drug was conveyed by the smuggler's wife to her condemned husband, in—their parting kiss !*

* This incident—on which the above sketch is founded—was related to the author several months ago, and she believes is to be met with in some calender of crime.

CHILDHOOD; OR, THE TRIAD.

BY MARY HOWITT.

You have four, and I have three,
Jane, and Rose, and Emily.
Jane, my eldest, is sedate,
Fit to be a Crusoe's mate;
Quite a housewife in her way,
Busily employed all day.
When I'm sleeping in my bed
Jane is working overhead;
So correct, so kind, so sage,
She's a wonder for her age.
And if I had half a score
Of the cleverest daughters more,
I should ne'er expect to gain
One as useful as my Jane!

Rose is quite a different child,
Tractable enough, and mild;
But the genius of the three,
The lady of the family;

With a voice so wondrous clear !
And for music such an ear !
All our friends are in amaze
At the skill with which she plays ;
You may name whate'er you will,
Rose for any piece has skill !
Then she writes, and can succeed
In poems beautiful indeed.
She can design too, and I never
For a child saw aught so clever !
Heads she draws, and landscapes too,
Better far than I can do,
Though no little sum was spent
To give me that accomplishment.
She is quite an artist now—
Has it stamped upon her brow,
And I'm sure will earn her bread
With that intellectual head !

Emily, my youngest elf,
Is the picture of myself ;
For her age extremely tall,
And the idol of us all.
Oh, the little roguish thing !
Now she'll dance, and now she'll sing,
Now she'll put on modish airs
Such as Mrs. Johnson wears ;

Shaking her rich curling tresses
For the plumes with which she dresses.
On my life, I sometimes fear
She will mimic her when here !

Emily is bold and wild,
Quite a beau-ideal child,
Spoiled enough to have her will—
Loving yet, and gentle still ;
Just as poets say should be
The youngest of the family ;
A little, happy, rosy pet ;
One all pretty names to get,
Puck, and Mab, and Mignonette !

SONNET.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ESQ.

It must be so—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel spirit, bound within the rind
Of some old wreathéd oak, or fast enshrined
In the cold durance of an echoing cave;—
Yea, better thus, than cold disdain to brave,—
Or worse, to taint the quiet of that mind,
That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
Together must we dwell—my dream and I,
Unknown must live, and unregarded die,—
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or leave that white breast with a painful sigh.

THE NEWSBOY.

Poor fellow! his occupation is a despised one. While carrying the emblem of civilization and of intellectual light to many a door, he is regarded as an ignorant, debased, and vicious being. While intimately connected with the most potent engine of reform—the press—he degenerates, day by day, in intellect and in morality. Save while buying a paper, men shun him as they would a leper; and the police, with fatherly assiduity, watch over his failings, so as to have him arrested for the “next offence,” be it ever so slight. Day after day, through the suns of summer and the snows of winter, he travels along with his papers—singing, in rude song, the names of the more important ones, or soliciting the pedestrian to buy. If he is cold, or hungry, or ragged, few care for it; no school is provided to teach him the elements of knowledge; and rarely, indeed, does the kind word of the passing stranger, or the smile of the benefited employer, cheer the heart of the ragged newsboy.

And yet, the man of the world, who despises the poor

newsboy, might learn from him a lesson of worldly wisdom. Who so diligent at business, as he? Who, before arriving at manhood's strength, braves, as he does, all weather, and all conditions of the atmosphere? Who plods, as he does, through the busy crowd; despised, buffeted, insulted, yet never discouraged? Who studies, as he does, the worth of every penny; and endeavors, by exercising the utmost diligence, to add to his little store? And, 'neath his rude exterior, are there not frequently high hopes, plans for distinction, perhaps honor, and an honest desire to better his condition, by increased attention to business? In his promptness to assist a weaker companion, or to avenge his wrongs, we behold something of the good-nature for which boyhood is generally remarkable; nor should we look with too severe an eye upon the bad practices which seem, in a peculiar manner, to attach themselves to his occupation. The faults of the newsboy are almost all open. Unaccustomed to the policy which conceals the outbreakings of an evil heart, he makes no scruple to display the worst features of his character; and hence he is looked upon as the vilest of the vile, and the personification of youthful depravity. All the disputes, and quarrels, and petty riots, about news offices, exchanges, or street corners, are visited, either wholly or in part, upon him; and, when the true criminal cannot be found, the luckless newsboy is sure to be substituted for him. Every man's hand is against him; and appa-

rently for no other reason, than because all men have united to neglect or vilify him.

But, within a few years, the newsboys have begun to take a novel and singular stand in the community. Under an impression that they are a useful, if not a dignified portion of the community, they have made some attempts at organization, and in the larger cities are actually under a leader. What the exact nature of the organization is, it would be difficult to say; certainly, it is neither of a political or a religious cast. It might, however, if properly conducted, be of much importance in a moral point of view; and by making the *profession* a regular trade, would give it some character in the estimation of the community. When it is remembered that the newsboy is a very recent element of social society, and that he is consequently still in his apprenticeship, it leads to the hope that he may yet become as honorable in the estimation of strict moralists as he is at present useful.

UPON THE GLISTENING FOUNTAIN.

BY E. SCAIFE.

UPON the glistening fountain,
 Upon each bending bough,
There's a light, like that of gladness
 On childhood's cloudless brow.
On the hoar tops of the forest,
 Is a glow of heaven's own birth;
All things breathe of beauty,
 Lady-love, come forth !

On the lake the white sail glimmers,
 The shade is on the hill ;
Fair flowers look up to heaven—
 Loveliest, all is still.
O come, and drink the freshness
 That is poured upon the earth ;
Come, for nature calls aloud,
 Lady-love, come forth !

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

THE winds had ceased—the moaning wave
Gave up its dead unto the shore,
To sleep within a calmer grave,
Where storms can reach no more.
Unfelt by him, the summer day,
And winter night may glide away;
And suns and seasons vainly roll
Above his dark and final goal.

II.

The stranger; of a land unknown;
His name, his place of birth untold;
He rests where no recording stone
His story may unfold.
Where but the hollow-sounding surge
Howls to the wind his ceaseless dirge;
And seafowl, o'er his grave that sail,
Shriek forth a wild, funereal wail.

III.

Perchance, a husband and a sire!

For him, his long expectant mate
Hath fondly trimmed her evening fire,

And kept her vigils late;—
And taught her babes, with pious care,
To bear upon their infant prayer,
At rise of dawn and fall of day,
Their absent father, far away.

IV.

Perchance, while ocean's wastes he ranged,

And native shades in dreams were near,
And love's rewarding hour—he changed
The bridal for the bier!

While she, the widowed and unwed—
The pale betrothed of the dead!
Long watched his bark, that from the main
Ne'er reared her cloud of sail again.

V.

But where he sleeps no mourners grieve—

No tribute to his tomb is given—
No sighs, except the sighs of eve—

No tears, but those of heaven!
Yet, more sublime than grandeur's tomb,
That towers beneath a temple's dome,
Is his—the nameless stranger's grave,
Here, by the dirge-resounding wave.

THE BACHELOR'S LAST OFFER.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELER.

BY HANNAH D. BURDON.

THIS being my first appearance before the public, I would most willingly introduce myself to the reader; but as both ancients and moderns have agreed to consider self-knowledge the highest attainment of wisdom, and I am a peculiarly modest man, I will make no pretension to such an acquaintance, and waive the ceremony; only venturing to hint that I am near sixty, and wear spectacles.

Of my own history, and certain little peculiarities of taste, I imagine I may speak less concisely; though I should never have ventured on the topic, had it not been to account for my translating the strange papers of which the bulk of this volume is composed. I have traveled—I think I may say, I have traveled a great deal; but I am not fond of flying over Europe like a passenger in a balloon, who sees everything, distinguishes nothing, and

takes a geographical glance at the nations he visits, which adds as little to his stock of knowledge as if he turned over the leaves of an old road-book whilst sitting quietly at his own fireside. I did so in my youth, and perhaps it is useful, at that age, to master the outlines of all studies, that they may be ready to be filled up when the mind is more tranquil, and better fitted for laborious investigation.

I started with eager anticipations of perfect happiness on the grand tour, when I was scarcely twenty; I underwent the ordinary trials of fatigue, dirt, and disappointment, without murmuring; for the charm of variety, and the moments of exquisite enjoyment with which they were checkered, sufficed to make them endurable when present, and almost obliterated their remembrance when I returned to the monotonous cleanliness of an English fireside, and the yet more monotonous dullness of a London winter. I strove to think a fog the most healthy atmosphere in the world, and a muddy pavement the most agreeable of promenades; but as I patiently wiped certain sooty little flakes from the projecting parts of my countenance, I sighed for the spotless purity of an Italian sky, and the flowery terraces of the Lake of Geneva.

It was in vain that I listened with due submission to the charitable friends who assured me that the puddle in St. James's Park was exquisitely picturesque, and the long avenue in Kensington Gardens the most romantic solitude for whispering a tender declaration in the ear of beauty.

I had unfortunately read Rousseau, and sentimentalized on the rocks of Meillerie; I was but twenty, and my Julias were very different from the smart young ladies who, attired in the last Paris fashions, were to be met with in that Elysium.

I am an old bachelor now; and remember, with no small regret, the highflown fancies which haunted my young imagination, and made me thus fastidious; for I have spent the best part of my life in looking for an angel of perfection, till my wrinkles and gray hairs became so conspicuous, that I felt no respectable woman would have anything to say to me; and I am fain to confess myself one of those useless and unfortunate beings, whom Franklin designates as half a pair of scissors, only fit to scrape a trencher with.

My solitude, when young, was all well enough. I had certain expectations, and, moreover, a certain income in possession; so old maids and young maids, and mammas especially overwhelmed me with civilities. I was invited to every party; I was universally pestered to sing; and, when it was discovered I strummed a little upon the guitar, it was marvellous how suddenly the guitars of all my fair acquaintance required the assistance of my practiced fingers to arrange their strings, and how exceedingly musical the whole circle of my female admirers became, as if by common consent.

But I soon tired, both of smiles and guitars; and the

excessive flattery I received, instead of entangling me in matrimony, only made me set a higher value on myself. I had no idea of being incumbered by a wife and half a dozen children; and when the London season was over, I hurried to the continent to escape the bore of races, race balls, and country visiting, and the yet more intolerable nuisance of quarter sessions.

I lounged away several years in the best society of Paris, Rome, and Vienna; and after admiring good pictures and good music till I was heartily weary of both, I transferred my affections to good dinners and good wines; but, in spite of such consolations, I began at length to feel my solitude rather uncomfortable. I was no longer courted by the fair sex; my figure was too portly for me to handle a guitar with propriety; I had no more strings to repair; I had lost my voice; the gout had put an end to my waltzing, and I could no longer be blind to the fact that I was an old man.

Unfortunately for myself, I had no profession to employ me; I had nothing but a restless love of motion, and a sort of dilettanti taste for literature, such as belongs to most classically educated elderly gentlemen. But the last was very feeble; and, when in England, I hated the very sight of the last Quarterly, which, for the sake of maintaining my dining-out reputation as a good talker, I felt myself called upon to get up; and I studiously avoided all the thick little volumes with cloth backs, where cheap

knowledge is condensed for the benefit of the rising generation. Abroad, my case was scarcely less pitiable; and no language can convey an adequate idea of the melancholy of my summer residence, in some Swiss valley or German spa, where all around me were engaged by their own parties, and their own plans, and I was left to beguile my solitude of its misery, by hunting butterflies, or sipping obnoxious waters.

The delight with which I hailed a stray acquaintance, or contrived to tack myself to some gay young party of exploring travelers, was quite ecstatic. I had mounted Mont Blanc seven times, though I nearly lost my nose by the frost in the first ascent; I had crossed the Jung Frau more than twice as often; the guides to the Right were quite weary of carrying me up in their chaises à porteurs, and I was as well known at every spa in Germany as the medicinal pump. I was sick of the very name of a table d'hôte, and every body was sick of me; so I resolved, as a last resource from *ennui*, to change my course entirely, and instead of lingering in the usual resorts of travelers, to explore the less frequented routes, that I might enjoy the double advantage of being able to astonish my London acquaintance by an account of my extraordinary discoveries, and of escaping the society of my traveled and contemptuous countrymen.

This scheme, nevertheless, had serious drawbacks. No human being can imagine the abominations of French

inns, as soon as you desert the high roads. An English stable is comparatively a palace. Yawning chimneys, half-choked with the ashes of the last year's fires; floors, whose original material is so completely incrustated with dirt as to render it invisible, with the scent of the stables, and the odor of apples, are mere trifles when compared with the grim horror of the kitchen, where a frightful old hag, for two sous a-day, sits turning, on a spit before the fire, a couple of newly-killed chickens for your dinner, which saluted you in the inn-yard not half an hour before.

But nevertheless, in justice I must admit, that the dinners are rarely to be complained of, and when you get accustomed to the society of the conductor of the diligence, couriers, blacksmiths, and so forth, you may dine very comfortably, though somewhat dirtily, at a country table d'hôte. Let it be remembered that I am not speaking of the splendid ordinaries prepared for the accommodation of wealthy Englishmen; but of the humble inns of the interior, where strangers seldom think it worth their while to penetrate.

Nevertheless, if a man has any love for the picturesque, or any taste for antiquity, he is frequently richly repaid for the temporary inconveniences of such excursions, and the simple and kind-hearted manners of the people greatly compensate for want of luxury. If he would know France as it is, let him not confine his excursions to

Paris, but visit the lovely scenery around Avranche and Mortain. Let him penetrate the dungeons of Mont St. Michel, and explore the ruins of Carnac; let him traverse the volcanic districts of Auvergne, and the mountains of Dauphiné; and, above all, let him turn from the high roads, and follow the rocky paths, and the course of rivers, into those pastoral valleys where the simple manners of a primitive people are still to be found amidst the most sublime scenery of nature.

I once delighted in such adventures; but as my limbs have become too stiff of late years to bear jolting in a cart (the only mode of conveyance through these regions); and, moreover, being somewhat fastidious as to cookery, and unwilling to have my linen thumped to shreds on the stones round the village pump, I have lately been compelled to limit my travels to more frequented districts, and to direct my steps once more to Germany, where the accommodations for travelers are usually far superior to those of France. Nevertheless, I have a lingering horror of its watering-places; and since the establishment of steamboats on the Rhine, and Dutch and English swarm, like bees, around the Brunnens, I have studiously avoided them.

There were times, however, when it did not suit my health or my convenience to travel as far as Dresden or Berlin, and I have more than once spent a summer most agreeably at one of the small towns near the Rhine, from

whence I could make excursions into the valleys, which ascend like fissures between its rocky banks, and enjoy all the sublimity and wildness of their seclusion, without being obliged to pass the night in a strange lodging.

It is now two summers ago since I took up my quarters for an indefinite time at the excellent hotel at Andernach, well known to travelers by the name of the Sun, which, scarcely less bright than that glorious luminary, figures in large golden characters over its yawning doorway.

The landlady, a large portly dame about my own age, was so much delighted by my proficiency in the German language, as not only to favor me with her company at every meal, but to regale me with her best Arr wine at five francs a bottle. My bedroom and my dinners were equally good; and when my hostess found I was likely to remain some time under her roof, she redoubled her endeavours to make it agreeable, treating me like one of her own family, whose little circle I was invited at all times to join.

To this arrangement I had no sort of objection, for I like society from my heart; and she had several charming well-behaved daughters, who, when the labors of the house were done, wrought worsted work with marvellous perseverance, and had no objection to a gentle flirtation with a rich Englishman, even though he might be verging to his grand climacteric.

I soon selected Miss Sophy as my especial favorite, and she might have been any man's favorite; for she was a plump, obliging, simple-hearted creature, with the sweetest voice that ever warbled a German ballad; and though her hands were certainly neither very small, nor very white, she knit the warmest stockings, and made the best coffee, in Andernach.

By the help of my dictionary, I contrived to give her some pretty broad hints of my admiration. I saw evident symptoms of jealousy in the elder sisters, which flattered me not a little, and the smiles of my landlady were most enchantingly propitious.

Yet my vanity had certain misgivings, which were far from agreeable. None of the numerous love affairs which had amused my imagination for five-and-forty years before, ever caused such a flutter at my heart as the coquetry of the interesting Sophy excited there. For the first time in my life, I was somewhat doubtful of success; I was by turns in ecstasies and agonies; I thought of wearing stays; I made many vain attempts to extract the gray hairs from my whiskers, and endeavored to persuade myself that my wig and my teeth were too natural to excite any suspicion of art.

But my landlady was a skillful matron, and by those little gentle encouragements which an experienced mother on these occasions knows so well how to administer to a wealthy suitor, she adroitly allayed the agitation of my

nerves, till at length, distracted between my hopes and my fears, and half maddened by the agonies of love and the gout, I resolved to put an end to suspense by asking the important question, on the answer to which, I persuaded myself, the future happiness of my life depended.

But how to accomplish it, was a matter requiring important consideration. The young lady understood no language but German; and of German, though I had picked up a few current phrases, my whole stock was put to flight by the mere idea of the tender declaration I wished to arrange in the most touching phraseology! In fact, a little reflection convinced me that to make an offer of my hand in person was utterly out of the question; I might as well have attempted it in Hebrew. Reluctantly was I compelled to resign the most interesting moment in a man's existence, and as a sad alternative to write a letter.

To work I accordingly went. Dictionaries and grammars, and tourists' manuals were put in immediate requisition, and for two days I labored with such persevering industry that, at the end of that time, a composition was completed, which I flattered myself must move the most flinty heart in Christendom; and after reading it twenty times over, I retired to bed in an ecstasy, to dream of my Dulcinea, convinced that I was the most accomplished linguist in Europe.

In the morning, I had little appetite for breakfast, and

after bestowing infinite care on my toilette, and swallowing one cup of coffee, was sitting admiring the beauty of my German characters, and the graceful turns of my inverted sentences, when I was provoked beyond measure by the entrance of a young lawyer, from whom, since my residence in Andernach, I had taken lessons in German.

Aware that nothing in my epistle betrayed the name of the object to whom it was addressed, and eager for the admiration I was convinced my composition deserved, I placed it in his hands with blushing vanity.

But scarcely had Herr Hoffman glanced over three lines, with a very inauspicious twinkling about the corners of his eyes, when, to my utter consternation, he burst into a loud and ungovernable fit of laughter. I blushed and stammered; I eagerly demanded the meaning of his mirth, but he made no reply; he only laughed louder and louder, every sentence he perused, till the tears streamed down his cheeks; and I, starting from my chair in a passion, snatched the unfortunate manuscript from his hands, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

Recalled by this act to a remembrance of his rudeness, my instructor, with as much gravity as he could assume, made a thousand apologies; but the fact of his laughter was undeniable; and I was reluctantly convinced, by the first effects of my labored epistle, of the truth of his unwilling confession, that it had never been his fortune to peruse a more extraordinary composition. Great part of

it was utterly unintelligible, and all that was intelligible, was ridiculous ; whilst, to crown the whole, I had signed myself the lady's faithful friend and domestic, instead of humble servant.

Deeply humbled, I could not reject the young man's offers to indite a second letter for me ! and when this was finished and folded, and sealed, though I greatly regretted that it was not in my own language, it was some consolation to know, that it was in such a dialect as the lady of my love could at least read and understand ; and dismissing my tutor with as much suavity as I could command, I was left to direct and dispatch it at my leisure.

With a palpitating heart, I awaited the answer of the lovely Sophy ; and in less than an hour it was brought to my room by the tall youth in blue linen habiliments, who acted the joint parts of waiter and chambermaid. I tore it eagerly open. It was written in that detestable German character which is a disgrace to a literary nation. Again I had recourse to my *key* and my *manual*, and with such success, that, after an hour's labor, I had made out about one word in ten. I was in ecstasies !—I was accepted.

"Ya" figured more than once in letters not to be mistaken on the charming page. Then came "love," and "pleasure," and I knew not what beside ; but I kissed the signature of my enchantress, with the ardent rapture of a youth in his teens.

Well-brushing my coat, and giving a finishing touch to my fingers with a sharp-pointed penknife, I resolved to go down stairs and throw myself at the young lady's feet without further delay; but, as if resolved that day to drive me to distraction, ere I reached my door, my provoking tutor again entered with a low bow.

"Well, good sir," he said, "I hope you have had a favorable answer!"

Had I received a refusal, I had resolved to keep the mortification to myself, but this opportunity of exhibiting my triumph was too tempting to be lost; and anxious to have an exact translation of the precious epistle, without betraying my ignorance, with a calm smile of exulting vanity, I took it from my pocket, and, assuring him that my lady love, having therein fully signified her acceptance of my heart and hand, I hoped soon to see him dance at my wedding. I begged him to read it aloud, as I could never be weary of hearing its precious contents.

I saw with surprise, that Herr Hoffman turned as pale as death, when his eyes fell on the direction, and faintly murmuring the words "Accepted, did you say, sir?"—he tottered towards a seat.

"Yes; accepted readily and frankly," I returned; "but, indeed, considering my pretensions, it could scarcely be otherwise."

The young man made no reply; he unfolded the letter, he looked eagerly at the signature, and then covering

his face with his hands, he sank back in his chair, overpowered by strong emotion.

"Ha! ha! here is a rival," thought I. "Odd enough, to be sure, that the poor fellow should be the means of sealing his own doom!" But conscious that I had the best of it, I resolved, in my triumph, to be charitable and indulgent. But still I was anxious to know the exact contents of my charmer's letter; and after comforting my distracted companion, by the assurance that there was no accounting for women's taste, I again requested him to read it.

After a brief pause, he started from his seat, brushed the tears from his eyes, and proceeded to pace the room with hurried strides, till I was fidgeted to death, by the creaking of his heavy soled shoes.

"My dear sir, what can be the matter?" said I, at length, loosing all patience.

"The matter!" cried he, and he strode across the room still faster than before.

"Yes, the matter!" returned I, for my German had so deserted me in my agitation, that I was fain to echo his words.

"Is it possible the girl has given you any encouragement?" demanded the lawyer, in a hurried voice, as he stopped full before me.

"I don't know what you call encouragement," I returned, fidgeting most uncomfortably on my chair;—

and the idea of Werter, and his pair of pistols, and his blue and yellow habiliments, came so strongly before me, that, for the life of me, I knew not what else to say.

The lawyer was in a towering passion. I had not conceived it possible that a German, with all his phlegm, and all his sentiment, could have been in such a passion; and convinced that, most unfortunately, I had chosen a wrong secretary, I was anxious to get out of the scrape as fast as I could.

"Encouragement!" I repeated, as soon as I thought he was in a state to listen to me.

"Ay, encouragement, sir! Has the jilt ever dared to give you encouragement, when she is the affianced bride of another man?" retorted my guest, without allowing me time to add a second word.

I lifted up my spectacles, and cleared my throat, with as much modesty as I could assume, and again requested him to read the letter.

"But without previous encouragement, you would not have dared to address her in the language of love!" he exclaimed.

"I never presumed at all, sir," was my answer; "for, if you remember, you wrote the letter to her yourself!"

He struck his forehead in despair.

"But what emboldened you?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing, my good sir!" I interposed.

"To think of seducing the affections——"

"I never seduced any affections," said I; and the idea of a little corpulent elderly gentleman, with a brown wig, and a pair of silver spectacles, seducing the affections of a lovely girl of eighteen, was too much even for my gravity, and, with a half-suppressed smile, I requested him to read the letter, and he would know better what he was talking about.

With an air as distracted as if he was perusing his own sentence of death, he raised the fatal paper, and began; —"Most well-born gentleman;"—but there his courage failed him, and an agitating pause ensued, ere he thus continued:—

"I am truly distressed by your letter; but I am convinced that a noble Englishman, as you are, will not take advantage of his favor with a poor girl's mother, to drive her to distraction. Yes, kind sir, I will frankly confess I love another, and have long been secretly engaged to a man from whom poverty alone divides me. I am certain you are too good, too kind, to find any pleasure in adding to the sorrows of the unfortunate. Yes, I know, you will pardon me, and be the friend, though never the husband of

"SOPHY."

I leave you, gentle reader, to imagine the effects of these words upon the lawyer and myself, as they fell upon my dismayed ears, and the eyes of the astonished

lover devoured them with ecstasy. Death, or an earthquake, could not more completely have altered our positions. I felt the full measure of my folly, and I looked the fool I felt!

To persist in my addresses was now of course out of the question; and as, in truth, I was long past the age for playing the part of a despairing lover, my pride induced me to make the best of a bad business.

The first time I met the pretty Sophy, she pleaded her own and her lover's cause so irresistibly, that, feeling more like her father than her suitor, I at once undertook to be her advocate with her mother. I knew that money can effect a world of wonders in these cases, and speedily reconciled the old lady to her daughter's match with Herr Hoffman, by bestowing a small portion of my ample wealth upon the young lawyer, so as to enable him to live in comfort and independence with his bride, in return for the useful lesson he had given me.

Nor was I ashamed, at the end of a month, to dance at the young people's wedding; and whilst whirling round the bride in a waltz, I formed a resolution I have since faithfully kept—never to make another attempt at matrimony.

THE MIGHTY DEAD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

BYRON.

ERE beauteous earth had ever felt decay,
When man first knew it for a resting-place,
And this, the new-born world, untroubled lay
Upon the bosom of unfathomed space—
The dead were not! Yet purest spirit breathed
His will omnipotent, and this was wreathed
With the first tree, and herb, and bright young flowers
Startled to life in Eden's sunny bowers.
And this was heard in the first joyous song
The lark uplifted to the throne on high,
And their fixed laws were willed to last thus long,
"While the young earth fulfils her destiny:"
And Nature never hath had sight or sound,
Where this pure essence was not felt around.

But most it ruleth in the heart of man ;
For MIND was chosen as the instrument
On earth to work all changes, and began
The God-deputed task when first were blent
With clay this essence pure. This was the seal
To mark mankind from each less wondrous thing :
“ Man shall to man his inmost thoughts reveal,
And dying, shall bequeath them, and shall fling
A subtle spirit, which can never die,
O'er the wide path of far futurity.”
This is the quenchless light that ever burns,
And so “ the dead are rulers from their urns.”

The earth grows old, but still no wrinkles show,
To mar the lustre of her blooming face ;
And yet the very dust we trample low
Doth point its moral to the human race.
Earth is one mighty grave of human clay,
But mind immortal doth not pass away ;
It is the monument that doth outlive
All that the sculptor's art can ever give.
And through these monuments we do converse
With our dead friends, while they perchance rehearse
The heart-throbs we have known, or counsel seek
From the rare scrolls where our dead teachers speak,
And win obedience still. Are we not led
By the just influence of the mighty dead ?

Are not such bonds of sympathy more true
Than the frail links the living rend in two?
What though they lived a thousand years ago—
Are they not spirit-friends through weal or woe?
And can we look around, and fail to trace
Material records of a bygone race?
Is it not theirs our thoughts and deeds to school,
The inner and the outer world to rule?
The monarchs these, to whom our homage turns—
The dead, "who rule our spirits from their urns!"

THE GOLDFINCH.

MY son, a curious nest that warbler builds—
Sometimes suspended at the limber end
Of plane-tree spray, among the broad-leaved shoots,
The tiny hammock swings to every gale;
Sometimes in closest thickets 'tis concealed;
Sometimes in hedge luxuriant, where the briar,
The bramble, and the crooked plum-tree branch
Warp through the thorn, surmounted by the flowers
Of climbing vetch, and honeysuckle wild,
All undefaced by art's deforming hand.
But mark the pretty bird himself! how light
And quick his every motion, every note!
How beautiful his plumes! his red-tinged head!
His breast of brown! and see him stretch his wing,
A fairy fan of golden spokes it seems!

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BRANNER.

GATHER, ye sullen thunder-clouds;
Your wings, ye lightnings, wave,
Like spirits bursting from their shrouds;

And howl, thou wild and dreary storm,
Like echoes of the grave,
Sounds of the brothers of the worm.

Ay, wilder still, ye thunders, roll,
Ye lightnings, cleave the ground;
Ye cannot shake the Christian soul:

In God's high strength she sits sublime,
Though worlds were dust around;
Defying Chance, outliving Time.

THE CLIENT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," &c.

IT was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton; and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: "Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton."

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in manhood; we had been intimate, without having been altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling betwixt us. Of late years, I had seen comparatively little of Moreton; I knew that he had married; that he had been in straightened circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, and had left a large fortune to his wife; that she had died, and left him a rich widower; that he had married a second

time, and that he was now the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I had received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would, of itself, have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid, of course, increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into the Cambridge coach; and after dispatching a hasty dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house, in Trumpington street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly such a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but he seemed a broken-down man; gray-haired—thin visaged—and cadaverous. His expression, too, was changed; there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye; his lips had grown thin; and he appeared, moreover, to be under the influence of extreme nervousness.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property; but I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, that something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not, of course, make any observation upon the change which I observed

in his appearance; but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehensions as to the state of his health; to which he only replied that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we went.

I need scarcely say, that I was prepared for instructions to divide the father's fortune according to some rule of division—or, perhaps, of some capricious preference, among his children—two sons and one daughter, children yet of a tender age—and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. Great, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies, named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connection with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up: "Mr. Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children!"

"I *have* children," said he; "but God preserve *them* from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton—Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous! I know, indeed, that this large fortune has come to you through your first wife; but it was hers to give; she became the sole heiress of her father, when ^{his} three sons of a former marriage were unfortunately drowned in the ——"

"Hush, Thornton!" interrupted he, hastily; and in a tone so altered and so singular that it would have startled me, had I not at the moment been looking in his face, and seen the expression that passed over it, and the convulsive shudder that shook his whole frame. I perceived there was a mystery, and I resolved to be at the bottom of it.

"Moreton," said I, rising and approaching him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, which slightly shrunk from my touch: "We were once companions—almost friends; as a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery here, of which I am sure it was your intention to disburden yourself. Whatever the secret be, it is safe with me. But I tell you plainly, that, if you are resolved to make beggars of your innocent children without giving a sufficient reason for it, some other than Charles Thornton must be the instrument of doing it."

"Thornton," said he, in a grave tone, and without raising his eyes—"there is a mystery—a fearful mystery; and it shall be told this night. That done, neither you nor any man can be the friend of Walter Moreton; but he will have no occasion for friendship. Reach me some wine, Thornton, and pour it out for me; my nerves are shattered; another glass—now, sit down—no, not there—ay, ay—one other glass, Thornton."

I took my place in a large high-backed chair, as Wal-

ter Moreton directed me; and he, placing himself a little out of my view, spoke as follows:—

“It is now upwards of ten years, as you know, Thornton, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Bellenden—old Bellenden, the lawyer. She, you also know, was the child of a former marriage—and that the large fortune of my father-in-law which, in the end, came—no matter how—to me, belonged to him, or rather to his three sons, in right of his second wife, who was also dead at the time of my marriage. I could not have indulged any expectation that this fortune would ever reach me; for, although I knew very well that, failing my wife's three half-brothers, it came entirely into her father's power, yet, there could be no ground for any reasonable expectation that three healthy boys would die off, and make way for Agnes. Mark me, Thornton, I did not marry for money; and the thought of the succession which afterwards opened, never entered into my mind. I will tell you, Thornton, the first occasion on which the hope dawned upon me. There was an epidemic in this part of the country; and my father-in-law's three sons were seized with it at one time. All the three were in the most imminent danger; and one evening, when the disease was at its height, my wife seemed greatly distressed at receiving a message that it was doubtful if any of the three would survive till morning. ‘And if they should die,’ said I, within myself! This supposition constantly

recurred—and was so willingly entertained, that I lay awake the whole of that night, planning within myself the disposal of this large inheritance; forgetting, at the time, that another life, that of my father-in-law, stood betwixt us and the succession. Next morning, however, a favorable change took place, and eventually the three youths recovered; but so strong a hold had the hopes which had been thus suddenly created taken of my mind that, in place of their being dissipated by the event which naturally deprived them of any foundation they ever had, I was not only conscious of the keenest disappointment, but felt as if an untoward accident had defrauded me of something that was all but within my reach. ‘How near I have been to affluence,’ was a constantly recurring thought; and when I heard, every morning, that this person was dead, and that person was dead, a feeling of chagrin was invariably felt. You are, perhaps, incapable of understanding these feelings, Thornton; and so was I, until the events took place which gave birth to them.”

Moreton paused a moment; but I did not interrupt him; and, after passing his hand over his forehead, and filling out, with an unsteady hand, another glass of wine, he proceeded:—

“You must understand, Thornton, that these were mere thoughts, feelings, fancies; if I had stood beside the sick beds of these boys, when the flame of life was flickering, I would not have blown it out; if two phials had stood

by, one containing health and the other death, do not suppose I would have administered the latter;—no; I was no murderer, Thornton—no murderer—then!

“You know something of the river here; and of the passion for boating. The three boys often indulged in this exercise; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day, about the end of August, we had spent the day at Eel-pits, and it was not far from sunset when we set out to row back to Cambridge. It was a fine, calm evening when we left that place, but it soon began to rain heavily; and in the scramble for cloaks and umbrellas, which the suddenness and heaviness of the shower occasioned, the boat was all but upset; but it righted again, and served only as matter of mirth to the boys; though in me a very different effect was produced. More than a year had elapsed since the presence of the epidemic had given rise to the feelings I have already confessed to, and the circumstance had been nearly—but not altogether, forgotten. At that moment, however, the thoughts that at that time had continually haunted me recurred with tenfold force. ‘If it had upset!’ I said within myself, while sitting silent in the stern—‘If it had upset!’ and the prospect of wealth again opened before me. The three boys, Thornton, were sitting shouting, and laughing, and jesting, and I sat silently in the stern, putting that question to myself. But it was only a thought, a fancy, Thornton; I knew that no one but my-

self could swim; but anything premeditated was as far from my thoughts as yours. I only contemplated the probable results of an event which was nearly taking place.

“Well—we continued to row; and it soon fell dusk—and then the moon rose; and we continued to ascend the river—ours the only boat upon it—till we were within less than two miles of Cambridge. I had occasionally taken a turn at the oar; but at that time I sat in the stern; and still something continually whispered to me, ‘If the boat had upset!’ I need not tell you, Thornton, that little things influence the greatest events; one of those little things occurred at this moment. I had a dog in the boat, and one of the boys said something to it in Latin. ‘Don’t speak Latin to the dog,’ said another, ‘for its master does not understand Latin.’ ‘Yes he does,’ said the eldest, ‘Mr. Moreton understands dog Latin.’ This was a little matter, Thornton—but it displeased me. There was always a good deal of assumption of superiority, especially on the part of the eldest, on account of his university education; and little annoyances of this kind were frequent. It was precisely at this moment that something dark was seen floating towards us; it chanced to come just in the glimpse of the moon on the water, and was seen at once by us all; and as it approached nearer, till it was about to pass within an oar’s length of the boat —— You have heard the story, Thornton—you

said, if I recollect, that you knew the three boys were ——” Here Moreton suddenly stopped, and hastily drained the wine he had filled out.

“Drowned in the Cam,” said I;—“yes, I knew of this misfortune; but I did not know that you were present.”

“I was—I was—*present!*” said Moreton, laying a peculiar emphasis on the word. “Ay, Thornton—you’ve hit the word—I was present—but listen: I told you the dark object floated within an oar’s length of the boat; at once, the three boys made a spring to the side of the boat, extending arms and oars to intercept it; and—in an instant, the boat was keel uppermost!”

Moreton pronounced the last words rapidly, and in an under tone—and stopped: he raised the wine decanter from the table, but let it drop again. Moreton had yet said nothing to criminate himself: the incident appeared, from his narrative, purely accidental; and I therefore said, “Well, Moreton—the boys were unhappily drowned; but it was the consequence of their own imprudence.”

“Thornton,” said he, “you are there to hear a confession; I am here to make it;—’tis of no use shrinking from it: fill me a glass of wine, for my hand trembles. Now—two of the boys, the two youngest, I never saw; as God is my judge, I believe, if I had seen the youngest, I would have done my uttermost to save him. I suppose they sank beneath the boat, and floated down below the surface. The eldest, *he* rose close to me; we were not

twenty yards from the bank; I could have saved him. I believe I *would* have saved him, if he had cried for help. I saw him but for a moment. I think, when I struck out to swim, I kicked him beneath the water—undesignedly, Thornton—undesignedly; but I did not turn round to help him; I made for the bank, and reached it, and it was then too late. I saw the ripple on the water, and the boat floating away; but nothing else. Thornton—I am his murderer!”

When Moreton had pronounced this word, he seemed to be somewhat relieved, and paused. I imagined his communication had ended; and I ventured to say that, although it was only justice that the inheritance which had become his should revert to the heirs of those who had been deprived of it—supposing them to have been deprived of it by his act—it was proper to consider the matter coolly; for there was such a thing as an over-sensitive conscience; and it was perhaps possible that, in the peculiar circumstances attending the awful event, his mind had been incapable of judging correctly; that he might have too much coupled the fancies which had preceded the event, with the event itself; and that want of presence of mind might have been mistaken for something more criminal. I confess that in speaking thus, although I believed that such reasoning might in some cases be correctly applied, I had little hope that it was so in the present case. There was a deliberateness in the mode of

Moreton's confession that almost commanded belief; and, besides, Moreton was no creature of imagination. He had always been a shrewd and strong-minded man; and was, in fact, all his life, a man of realities.

"No, no, Thornton," said he, "I am no fancier; believe it to be as I have told you. But if you ever could have doubted—as I do not believe you do—your doubts would have been dispelled by what you have yet to hear. I am not going to give you a narrative of my life; and shall say nothing of the time that immediately followed the event I have related. The fortune became my father-in-law's; and my wife became an heiress. But my present circumstances were no wise changed. Brighter prospects led to increased expenses; and embarrassments thickened around me. You know something of these, Thornton; and tried, as you recollect, ineffectually, to extricate me from them. Meanwhile, my father-in-law, who speedily got over the loss he had sustained, spoke of his daughter—of Agnes, my wife—as a great heiress, and boasted and talked much of his wealth, though it made no difference in his mode of living. 'Not one shilling, Walter, till I die,' was constantly in his mouth; and not a shilling indeed did he ever offer, although he well knew the pressing difficulties in which we were placed. I once, and only once, ventured to ask him for some advance; but the answer was the same. 'Not a shilling, Walter, till I die; patience, patience—it must all go to Agnes.'

"Must I confess it, Thornton? yes—I may confess anything after what I have already confessed. The words 'not a shilling till I die,' were continually in my ears. The event that had placed fortune within my power, frequently recurred to my memory; and with it the conviction that I was no way benefited by it; the nearer vicinity of wealth only made the want of it more tantalizing. The 'ifs,' and fancies, that had formerly so frequently arisen in my mind, had all been realized. The crime—ay, Thornton, the crime—that had placed an inheritance within my view, seemed the blacker since no advantage had attended it; and the oft-repeated 'not a shilling till I die,' repeated, and re-repeated with a complacent chuckle, and on occasions the most inopportune, begot within me an insatiable longing for—ay, why mince the matter?—for the moment when the saying should be fulfilled.

"You recollect very well, Thornton, my application to you in December, 182—, six years ago. You recollect its extreme urgency, and the partial success which attended it, sufficient, however, to keep me from a jail. You might well, as you did, express your surprise that my wife's father should suffer such a state of things to be; but he could suffer anything, save parting with his money; he was a miser; the love of riches had grown with their possession; and I believe he would have suffered me to rot in jail, rather than draw upon his coffers.

"It was just at this time, or, at most, a week or two

subsequent to it, that Mr. Bellenden was attacked by a complaint to which he had been long subject—one requiring the most prompt medical aid; but from which, on several former occasions, he had perfectly recovered. Agnes was extremely attentive to her father; and on Christmas evening, as we were both on the way to the sick chamber, we met the family surgeon leaving the house.

“‘You are perhaps going to spend some time with my patient?’ said Mr. Amwell.

“‘My husband,’ said Agnes, ‘means to spend an hour or two with my father; I have a particular engagement at present, and am only going to ask how he does.’

“‘I have some little fears of another attack,’ said Mr. Amwell: ‘do not be alarmed, my dear madam—we know how to treat these things; promptness is all that is required. It will be necessary, my dear sir,’ said Mr. Amwell, addressing me, ‘to lose no time in sending for me, should Mr. Bellenden experience another attack; all depends upon the prompt and free use of the lancet. There is no occasion for any alarm, madam. The good old gentleman may live to eat twenty Christmas dinners yet.’

“Mr. Amwell passed on, and we entered the house, and ascended to the sick chamber. My wife remained but a few minutes—she had some particular engagements at home; and, as she left the room, she charged me to lose not a moment in calling Mr. Amwell, should there

appear to be any occasion for his aid. She shut the door, and I seated myself in a large chair near to the bed.

"Mine was a singular situation. I, who for many years had had my hopes directed towards a great inheritance—I, who had seen, and rejoiced to see, the most formidable obstacles removed, and who had myself been instrumental in removing them, was now watching the sick-bed of the only individual who stood between me and the succession—an individual, too, whose death I had looked forward to, and had allowed myself to hope for. I could not help smiling at the singular situation in which I was placed; and as I looked towards the sick bed, and heard only the uneasy breathing of the old man in the silence of the room, I felt—very like a criminal."

"There was a table near to me with several phials upon it. I took them up, one by one, and examined them. One was labelled, 'laudanum.' While I held it in my hand, all the demon was within. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment; the excellence of wealth to increase; the love of enjoyment grew stronger; and my estimate of the value of an old man's life weaker. At this moment, the sick man asked for drink. Thornton!—need I hesitate to confess that I was strongly tempted—but I resisted the temptation; I held the fatal phial for a few moments in my hand, laid it down, pushed it from me, and assisted the old man to his needs. But no sooner had I done this, and reseated myself, than I began to

accuse myself of inconsistency. These, thought I, are distinctions without any real difference. A youth, who stood betwixt me and fortune, was drowning; and I did not stretch out my hand to save him: there are many kinds of murder, but in all the crime is the same.

"I had nearly proved to my own satisfaction that I was a fool, when certain indications that could not be mistaken, assured me that Mr. Amwell's fears were about to be realized, and they instantly were, to the fullest extent. Mr. Amwell's parting words recurred to me: 'all depends upon the prompt use of the lancet.' My heart beat quick; I rose—hesitated—re-seated myself—rose again—listened—again sat down—pressed my fingers on my ears, that I might hear nothing—and leaned my head forward on the table. I continued in this posture for some time, and then started up, and listened. All was silent; I rang the bell violently, opened the door, and cried out to call Mr. Amwell instantly, and returned to the chamber—which I believed to be no longer a chamber of sickness, but of death; and re-seated myself in the chair, with a strong persuasion that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed. But, Thornton, again I knew that I was, a second time, a murderer!"

Here Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended; and, although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was begin-

ning to say that, to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an acceptable atonement for crime—when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

“In a few minutes, Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, ‘I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.’

“‘Perhaps not,’ said I; ‘at all events make the attempt.’

“Mr. Amwell of course did make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted, shook his head, and said, ‘A little, and, I have reason to believe, only a *very* little too late,’ and in a few minutes I was again left *alone*.

“Thornton, since that hour I have been a miserable man.” Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed.

“Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment’s peace. My wife’s tears for her father, fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society—for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience—ay, conscience, Thornton—conscience that I thought I had overcome; as well I might; for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I

might have saved? and how could I have believed that? but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and, as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid—but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are alternately before me.

“Now, Thornton, you have heard all. Are you now ready to frame the will as I directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it belongs to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined.”

Some conversation here ensued, in which my object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet, if the events which he had related had not taken place, it never could have come into the possession of those for whom he now destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branches of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton, in having a competency reserved for his own children, and for his wife, who married in the belief that he was able to provide for her. And upon these principles, accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, rising to take leave, "let this subject drop for ever. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend," said I—for could I refuse to call the wretched man before me friend?—"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience: apply yourself to them; if the mind were relieved by religious consolations, bodily health would return. You are yet little past the prime of life; I trust we may meet again in happier circumstances. Conscience, Moreton, is not given to us to kill, but to cure."

Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "there are *remedies*; I know them, and will not fail to seek their aid. Good night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at length I fell asleep. My dreams were disturbed, and all about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank, pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking; sometimes he was sitting by the bedside of old Bellenden, examining the phials, and walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; and sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to

his narrative. Then, again, he had a phial in his hand, and uncorked it, and, in raising it to his mouth, it seemed to be a small pistol; and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that he might have meditated suicide, and that that was the *remedy* of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I hastily dressed, and hurried to Trumpington street. There was a light in one of the windows. I knocked gently at the door, and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried up stairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table; a phial was in his hand, which, at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and seized it. It was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" said I—but farther speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

EVENING PASTIME.

BY JOHN CLARE.

MUSING beside the crackling fire at night,
While the singing kettle merrily prepares
Woman's solacing beverage, I delight
To read a pleasant volume, where the cares
Of life are sweetened with the muse's voice—
Thomson, or Cowper, or the bard that bears
Life's humblest name, though Nature's favored choice,
Her pastoral Bloomfield ;—and, as evening wears,
Weary with reading, list the little tales
Of laughing children, who edge up their chairs
To tell the past day's sport, which well avails
To cheer the spirit. While fond fancy shares
Their artless talk, man's sturdy reason fails,
And memory's joy grows young again with theirs.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned. Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light:
But for the lady, fair and bright?
She rested in undreaming night!

Springs came. The lady's grave was green;
And near it, oftentimes, was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then—he died! . . . Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story;—
Life—Death—and (all that is of) Glory!

B. C.

A WOOD SCENE.

THEY came upon a green wood, rich in trees,
O'er which went sighing the eve-wandering breeze,
Bending the tops of some with his sweet kiss,
Yet tender as the new-linked lover is:
Here shot up the white ash, and there the larch,
And there the wild witch-elm did overarch
The gladed silence with his showering boughs,
Round which the subtle ivy creeps and blows
Until it blasts the tree to youthful death;
And woodbines cast abroad their odorous breath,
Between whose leaves the clear blue landscape broke;
And there all grandly grew the broad-armed oak,
Like a centurion, midst his branched peers,
The eldest Sylvan of a thousand years!

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

THE owl to her mate is calling ;
The river his hoarse song sings ;
But the oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark ! a blow—and a dull sound follows ;
A second—he bows his head ;
A third—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead !

His arms from their trunk are riven—
His body all barked and squared—
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dock-yard.
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,
For the ribs of a frigate free ;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned ;
And now—he is fit for sea !

Oh ! *now*, with his wings outspread,
Like a ghost—if a ghost may be—
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea.
The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride,
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought, and won,
And been honored from shore to shore,
And his journey on earth is done—
Why, what can he ask for more ?
There is naught that a king can claim,
Or a poet, or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme, and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould !

B. C.

THE END.

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